

THE American Girl

MARCH 1950

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THE American Girl

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MARCH, 1950

PART ONE

GAIL TURNED her car down River Street into Pontatuck. As she caught glimpses of gay flowers, blue roofs, and red shutters, she thought, the Italians certainly have an eye for color! And, mmm! Smell that cooking! I'd sure like to be asked to stay for supper.

She pulled to the curb and said to the girl beside her, "Well, here you are, Connie."

"Thanks for the lift." Connie Ciminelli's warm brown eyes smiled their gratitude. Her round arms full of books, she paused a moment on the sidewalk, to add shyly, "I'm glad we're editors together on the Seth Bennett Chatterbox. At first, I was afraid that Gail Bennett would be an altogether different kind of girl."

She ran into her house before Gail could call out, "Hey, what do you mean?"

As Gail drove over the bridge that divided the town into Northport and Pontatuck, she thought about Connie. Until recently she had been just a plump Italian girl with a long name and a sweet face. But in the few weeks they'd worked together on the paper, her liveliness and Latin warmth had utterly charmed Gail. Making friends with a girl like Connie was one of the nice things about going to a public school. Gail was glad she'd talked her father out of sending her to Miss Ostrander's School for Girls in Brookfield Center. This year, being a senior was extra fun.

She felt a familiar glow as she turned into the driveway of her own lovely old New England house. Here, no matter what happened in the world, she always found serenity and



Daystar

by AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

Beginning a dramatic serial of a girl's struggle against intolerance



Connie walked to the mural and pointed, "See how dark it is and, see, here's one tiny star."

Illustrated by Paul Burns

comfort. Her mother had died some years ago, but an affectionate father and a devoted aunt had done their best to make her happy.

Her long legs took the hall stairs two at a time as she shouted down to the maid in the kitchen, "I'm famished, Alice! Boy, does that chicken pie smell good!"

On the way to her room, she passed her father's study and he called to her. She stopped, surprised, because he was usually deep in business reports from the Bennett Pump factory at this hour. But now he motioned her to a chair beside his desk and asked, "How's school, daughter?"

She looked into her father's penetrating blue eyes—so like her own—and found them puzzled and troubled. He must have something serious to talk over with her and was leading up to it in his own Yankee way.

Finally it came out. "I hear you've been driving down to Pontatuck after school lately, Gail, taking the Ciminelli girl home."

Things sure do get around fast in this small town. I'll bet Dad heard that at the factory, Gail thought, as she answered, "Connie's a grand girl, Dad. I like her a lot."

Her father nodded. "The Ciminelli family deserve credit for their ability to work hard, save money, and get ahead."

He seemed ill at ease, fussing with the papers on his desk. At last he looked up.

"I feel responsible for you socially, Gail, while your Aunt

Margaret is abroad, and I think you're making a mistake in becoming so friendly with this Ciminelli girl."

"Why, Dad! We work together on the school paper. Connie's full of fun, has loads of ideas, and is just about the sweetest, most interesting girl I know."

"I don't doubt it. The school paper is all right, but do you think you should get into the habit of driving her home? Is it fair to her? She could never join your crowd, you know. Country Club dances. Whitewood Lake in summer. The Hunt Club."

"What difference does that make?"

"A lot. It's not only you and the Ciminelli girl who are concerned. It's her friends and your friends. Her family and your family. If you really like this girl, you'll do her a favor by letting her alone."

Gail wished her father would stop calling Connie that Ciminelli girl! She stood up, fighting back angry words.

Her father continued in his calm way. "So promise me you won't go down to Pontatuck any more."

At first she was stunned. Then she gulped out, "But Connie's my friend, Dad. I can't be a snob." She turned and bumped her way out of the room. The pungent odor of vegetables stewing in chicken gravy floated up the back stairs, and she knew she wouldn't be able to eat one mouthful of that chicken pie. In her room, her own words pounded an angry rhythm against her temples: *Connie's my friend. Connie's my friend.*

Until early morning, Gail thrashed around in her bed, trying to figure out a way to obey her father's request not to drive to Pontatuck and still keep her friendship with Connie. Toward dawn a brilliant idea struck her. She slept then, but she was so late in starting for school next morning that her friend, Doug Winthrop, was waiting in resigned patience as she drove up his street. Good old reliable Doug, she thought, he's been waiting for me one place or another since we rode tricycles. What'll he say when I tell him about my brain wave?

She was still so excited over her idea that she almost took a slice off the curb as she pulled over.

Doug eased the aquarium he'd made for science lab down on the seat between them and grinned at her. "What you so het up about this morning. Beautiful?"

"I've got a brand-new idea, Doug," she told him as she swung the car up the avenue toward Seth Bennett High.

He nodded. "Sure, like the time we sold can openers from door to door. Made exactly a quarter after a week's work. And I wore out a pair of shoes."

"I'm not kidding, Doug. This is big."

"Yeah, like the amateur play we put on in my grandfather's barn. Cost ten dollars. Twenty people came to see it, mostly for free."

"All right, Smarty. I was going to give you a preview, but now you'll have to wait until civics class."

"Civics?"

She nodded. "It concerns every boy and girl in this town, and I'm going to broach it to the senior class during the third period this morning."

She eased the car into a space in the lot next to the school. Doug, serious now, jumped out and faced her. "What's all this about?"

"About my wanting to be friends with Connie Ciminelli."

"So what? Go ahead and be friends. Connie's a good kid."

"Dad preached me a sermon about it last night. He doesn't think it's fair to Connie. The Ciminellis are good, hard-working people, but they don't belong to the Country Club."

"Wait, Gail," Doug called, as she started across the gravel drive. "You sure you know what you're up to, young lady?"

"I was never so sure of anything in my whole life, Doug," she told him soberly.

Doug saw the firm set of her wide mouth and the seriousness of her blue eyes and shrugged.

"Okay, Pal. If that's the way you feel about it, you can count on me." He grinned at her teasingly. "But what you say in civics had better be good. Mr. Walker appointed me to lead the discussion this morning."

THE third-period buzzer sounded as Gail skidded into Mr. Walker's room and slammed the door. Panting, she plumped down her armload of books and carefully placed on top of them the magazine for which she had hunted half an hour in the school library. Doug, sitting at Mr. Walker's desk, winked at her. Then the instructor said, "You may start whenever you're ready, Doug." And the lesson began.

Civics was a favorite class, partly because Mr. Walker was new and lively, and partly because he gave his pupils more chance to express themselves than other teachers. The current-events period usually followed a set routine: first, international topics; then, national events; and finally, local items. Gail, glancing at the title of her article, "Teen Centers Across the Land," was torn between calling it national or local. She debated with herself, as one lively discussion followed another. She was so preoccupied that when she suddenly came to they'd already switched to national topics.

She jittered about on her seat, trying to make up her mind, while John D'Andrea was telling the class about the way American foreign-service officers are picked. National or local? Which is it?

Then Doug was saying, "Sorry, but it's eleven twenty, and we have only time for one or two local topics now."

He was looking down at Gail quizzically. She was panicky. The clock ticked loudly as the minute hand jumped. She *had* to give her report today. If she put it off until next week, she'd go cold on the idea. Her hand shot up and Doug gave her the floor.

"My topic," she began nervously, "is Teen Centers Across the Land. June issue of 'American Youth.'" Several heads turned toward her as she went on, "All over the country young people like ourselves are forming youth centers. Sometimes they give them humorous names like The Lunchbox, The Barn Club, The Wishing Well, Dun Roaming or Come Often. They're friendly, cozy places that give young people a place to meet their friends, dance, talk, and have a sandwich and a coke, play games and, well, just have fun."

She paused and with a quick gesture pushed her hair from her face, thinking: so far, so good. Now I'm on my own. Now I've got to sell it to them. "I chose this topic today because I think our town needs a place where we can meet all our friends. I know we're seniors and will be gone next year. But what better gift could we leave behind us?"

Everyone was looking hard at her now—a tall, slim girl in a smartly tailored suit. After (Continued on page 28)

**A short story, complete on these pages, with
a message of cheer for the in-between child**

BETSY SURE was a knockout, probably the prettiest senior-class queen that Batestown High had ever had. Agnes, lost in the coronation crowd, glowed with pride. Then the glow dimmed to that same letdown feeling which usually followed Betsy's triumphs. Agnes' gray-blue eyes grew panicky. The dance orchestra was tuning up, and there would be nothing for Agnes to do during the dance, while she waited for Betsy. She wished she hadn't promised to wait; she wished she hadn't come; she wished she were not Agnes Whittaker.

Slowly, she began to edge her way sidewise through the laughing, applauding youngsters grouped around the queen's throne. Nobody paid any attention to her. Nobody ever paid any attention to her. She collided violently with a husky youth.

"Hi, Aggie, where're you going?" The friendly voice belonged to Butch Johnston, Betsy's friend and tonight's chairman of arrangements. Agnes looked at him gratefully. He remembered her!

But Butch's eyes held no real interest. He was being kind just as he might be to a stray kitten.

"S-sorry," Agnes murmured, and wriggled back into the crowd, making for the kitchen. They always needed extra help in the kitchen, to mix punch, or maybe to set up planks on trestles, for the serving table. She was good at that—always careful about little things like making sure the trestles were the same height, so things wouldn't slide off one end of the table. She smoothed her too-gay yellow print over her flat chest.

But the change in direction was a mistake. The queen's sister found herself again in the middle of the mob, and all at once the orchestra was playing. The coronation audience dissolved miraculously into dancing couples, while Agnes blundered miserably about—alone among them. The whistle blew for a Paul Jones, and she felt her hands caught, found herself drawn into the ring, into the promenade. The whistle blew again and she ducked toward a door, only to be confronted by a boy she could not remember ever having seen before. She must dance with him, or be even more conspicuous.

"Pretty queen," began the boy.

"Yes," agreed Agnes tightly.

"Good show, the coronation."

"Uh-huh," Agnes nodded, fiercely counting time to herself. One, two, three, four; slide, slide, slide, turn. If she didn't lose count, maybe she'd get by.

"But I don't go much for queens," her partner confided. "They're generally spoiled and bossy." When Agnes made no answer, he continued, desperately, "I bet this one's a dope."

Agnes stood stock-still, facing the boy indignantly. "She is not!" she sputtered. "She's smart, and she's sweet. And she's the most popular girl in school!"

"Oh, all right! All right! She a friend of yours?" The boy passed a hand across his perspiring forehead.

"She happens to be my sister!" Agnes snapped, and the angry spots in her cheeks made her almost pretty.

"Whe-eel!" The boy whistled, red flaming into his face. "I'm sorry. I'm new at Batestown High. I didn't mean—I mean—I was only trying to get you to talk. But say, let's dance. We're blocking the floor." He grabbed at her awkwardly.

Agnes submitted to his leading, holding herself stiffly, obviously trying to keep a foot of space between them. Again the whistle blew for the circle.

"I don't care to dance any more," Agnes observed icily, and she started toward the sidelines.

"Well, jeeps, I don't either. Let's see if the punch table's set up."

The new boy's hair seemed to bristle with earnestness, and his brown eyes were anxious. His face was still flushed with his embarrassment, but he was trying manfully to make amends.

"You must be a Whittaker, if you're Betsy's sister, but I don't



Jerry passed a hand across a perspiring forehead. "I was only trying to get you to talk."

even know what your first name is. My name is Jerry Brown."

"My name is Agnes, after my Great-aunt Agnes." She shuddered, and made an attempt to smooth her flyaway hair.

"It must be tough to be a queen's sister. Soph, aren't you?"

She nodded and Jerry continued, "I mean, it isn't so hot, having a glamour girl for a sister." As Agnes glared, he went on quickly, "Well, is it?"

All at once, something melted inside Agnes. Why, this boy really was trying to be nice to her! She couldn't remember when anybody had paid her so much attention, except perhaps someone who wanted an introduction to Betsy.

"Hot!" The words began pouring from her lips. "It's horrible, just plain awful, being the middle child. I have a little brother, and everybody thinks he's grand, because he's the only boy. But I'm always in the middle of everything—in class, in my marks, everything. Whatever I do is not very good and not very bad. I can't play the piano very well, or draw, or do well enough in basketball to be on the team—"

Breathless, she stopped. They eyed each other solemnly, while the Paul Jones undulated past them.

"You—you don't have to wear her clothes, do you?" Jerry asked.

"I don't have to, but I do—maybe because I've hoped they'd make me look like her." Agnes laughed, and her laughter was sweet. "Now, isn't that dumb? I should never wear yellow, should I? But this is how things are with me: If I rescued somebody from drowning, when he came to, he'd think he had rescued me. But if Betsy stubbed her toe, she'd fall into Peter Lawford's arms.

Illustrated by Lilian Gabriel



She really is darling, though. Come on, I'll introduce you to her."

Punch and cookies forgotten, Agnes pulled the boy toward the queen's throne where Betsy sat, surrounded by jostling admirers. Her blue eyes sparkled in a natural peaches-and-cream complexion, and her wavy, golden hair cascaded over smooth, white shoulders. She saw Agnes, and waved her scepter, laughing, "Make way, varlets, for my little sister and her escort!"

Good-naturedly, the boys formed an aisle up the carpeted steps. Agnes marched between the lines, introduced Jerry, and the circle closed about them. On the dance floor, the music stopped, then began an encore. Betsy rose. An amiable scuffling took place around her, as the boys clamored for the queen's first dance. Agnes and Jerry, crowded to one side, moved toward the refreshment table being set up near the kitchen door.

Suddenly the lights were dimmed while a big spotlight played over the dancing couples. "Heck, it's the moonlight dance," Jerry exploded in disgust.

Agnes murmured in sympathy, "We'll have to wait for our punch till it's over." She scowled at the round, moon-faced spotlight in a corner of the gym, as shadowy couples swayed past them. "As if it isn't bad enough dancing in the light, without bumping into everybody in the dark," she added scornfully. She turned toward the refreshments. Butch, recognizable in the dusk only by his bulk, stumbled past to place a tray of cookies on the table.

Agnes reached for a cookie, but her hand never touched the sweet. Instead, she clutched Jerry's arm. "Look, Jerry! The punch bowl—it's slipping. They must have a short trestle at that end. Butch, quick—the trestle!"

Like a well-rehearsed team, Agnes and Jerry went into action. Jerry picked up the huge bowl, its cake of ice slopping about in chilly juice which spilled on his shirt. While he clutched the bowl to him, Agnes seized the lower end of the table and held it level. "Butch, get the other trestle! It's in the kitchen closet," she ordered.

In no time, Butch had dashed into the kitchen and out again with a higher support. He slid the short trestle from under the table, leaned it against the wall, and pushed the higher one into place. With a gusty sigh of relief, Agnes eased down the table top, and Jerry plumped the heavy bowl on its level surface.

"Let's fadel!" Jerry whispered to Agnes. "The seniors won't like us sophs butting in and showing them how to do things."

Agnes nodded. They stumbled off, and were halfway around the dance floor when the trumpet in the orchestra soloed a signal for attention. Butch stood beside the trumpeter.

"Your Majesty and courtiers," he began, "the banquet is served! And the committee wants to thank the unknown couple who averted a near accident. The banquet table was on the point of collapse because one trestle was too short, and the punch bowl and cookies were about to slide to the floor, when some guy and girl came to the rescue. In the dark, we couldn't see who it was, but we want them to know we're grateful, anyway!"

Jerry nudged Agnes. "Just as you said—if we rescued anybody from drowning—"

Agnes giggled. "How come you understand so well about Betsy and me?" she wondered aloud.

Jerry grinned. "Ever hear of G. Warren Brown?"

The girl's eyes widened unbelievably. "The 'greatest All-America halfback of all time' at State College?"

Jerry nodded. "My big brother." He sighed. "And I have a little sister who's going to be a glamour girl." He shrugged and demanded brightly, "But what kind of a world would it be, if everybody was a queen or a football hero?"

"There wouldn't be anybody left to cheer!" Agnes answered, thoughtfully.

"Shake, Pal." They shook and began to dance again, moving together easily and gracefully, toward the refreshment table. It was fun, after all, being a middle child, when you remembered that the world was full of other middle children—and especially when there was one who understood.

Middle Child

by FAITH YINGLING KNOOP

TRAIL BLAZERS

by CONSTANCE BUEL BURNETT

Drawings by Sylvia Haggander



CRISP, autumn sunshine brightened the square wooden houses and sandy white lanes of Nantucket Island on an October day in the year 1803. It splashed mellow light on the oak floors and paneled walls of the Coffin house on Fair Street.

On the high-backed settle by the fireplace, Lucretia stood on her toes to dust the long spyglass which stood on the mantel. She was small for her ten years—a quaint little figure in a gray Quaker frock. An intent frown played between her brown eyes as she carefully polished the lens of the glass. She wanted her mother to be able to see clearly through it when next a boat was sighted from the windmill on the island's highest point of land. Her father's ship was long overdue.

Nantucket children were used to the long absences of seafaring relatives, for their windswept village off the Massachusetts coast was the foremost whaling port in the world. But Captain Thomas Coffin, gone already three years on a trading voyage to India, had not been heard from for twelve months.

Lucretia replaced the spyglass carefully on the mantel and continued her dusting. Her hands lingered on the big armchair with the rush seat—her father's chair. Today, as every day, she was positive he would come home. She was a devout little Quaker who listened earnestly to "the Inner Monitor"—the still, small voice which forbade her to lose courage or hope.

It told her ruefully, too, that Captain Coffin would find his Lucretia the same little spitfire she had been when he left home—impatient of schoolmates who muddled through a task she could finish in a jiffy, flaring with anger at meanness or injustice. How hard it was to keep the Quaker rule of peace, thought Lucretia, as she started to sweep the hearth.

The next instant she was standing motionless, broom in hand. The town crier's bell was ringing. Now his call sounded clearly as he turned down Fair Street. A ship had been sighted off the island's south coast.

"Quick, Lucretia! Fetch the spyglass!" It was her mother, Anna Coffin, calling as she ran up from the kitchen.

Lucretia, her four sisters, and her brother waited in suspense at the foot of the attic ladder while their mother's shaking fingers unfastened the trap door. At last the hook yielded, and they all stepped out on the "walk"—the lookout on the roof of every Nantucket house. About them the neighbors also had climbed to their roofs and were training their telescopes on the southern horizon.

Anna Coffin looked long through hers before she was willing to believe this was not her husband's ship. Sadly she and the children went below. Anxious to comfort her mother, Lucretia brought her knitting and worked quietly by her side. They had been sitting together in silence for quite a while, when the door of the house suddenly burst open as though blown in by a great wind.

"Anna!" It was Captain Coffin's voice ringing through the house again!

Lucretia never forgot her father's face as he stood in the door, his arms outstretched to them all.

Captain Coffin had lost his ship and had sailed home on another. He decided then that he was through with the sea and its risks.

Finding employment on the mainland, he moved his family to Boston, but by this time Nantucket customs had left their indelible stamp on Lucretia.

Generations of Nantucket women had borne men's responsibilities while their husbands were at sea. Lucretia had watched her own mother become the capable head of the family, and it was natural that a little girl with such a sturdy heritage should grow into a fearless and independent woman.

Was it her father's ship returning from its voyage to faraway India? Lucretia waited in suspense while her mother trained the spyglass on the horizon

Lucretia married a young Quaker schoolteacher when she was eighteen. James Mott was a shy, silent youth, quite different from Lucretia, who talked easily and whose wit sparked a trifle more gaily than was entirely proper for a Quaker. But James was brave and good; a staunch companion for the crusader Lucretia was to become.

Early in her twenties her life mission unfolded. Grief over the death of a child made her look deep within herself, in the self-reliant Quaker way, for a renewal of faith. She found that it comforted her to speak in Quaker meeting; to share with others the findings of her religious search; and so, very simply, when she was only twenty-five her famous ministry began.

As a Quaker preacher she attacked eloquently and fearlessly the evils of her day. She and James joined the movement organized by William Lloyd Garrison to abolish Negro slavery, and on this issue many of Lucretia's fellow Quakers turned against her, believing it was wrong to stir up strife, even in a good cause.

Because of the violent opposition antislavery workers met, Lucretia and James were often in danger. One night an angry mob marched on their home in Philadelphia to set it on fire. They were saved only by the quick thinking of a friend who joined the rioters, shouting, "On to the Motts—this way!" and then led them in the wrong direction.

During an antislavery meeting in New York at which Lucretia spoke, gangsters smashed in doors and windows and threw vitriol into the hall, dispersing the terrified audience. In the midst of the tumult, Lucretia asked a friend to go to the assistance of some badly frightened women.

"But who will take care of you?" he objected.

Just then the leader of the rioters, an ugly-looking ruffian, approached.

"Why, this man will," replied Lucretia, and took his arm with a gracious smile.

The man's jaw dropped in astonishment, but he escorted her out of the hall unharmed.

THERE existed in Lucretia's time another oppressed class which she championed. The laws of her day were very unfair to women; since they could not vote, they were powerless to change such laws. Girls were given little schooling. Women teachers and laboring women received only half what men were paid. A woman who married an unprincipled man was no better off than a slave. The law allowed him to beat her; her property and personal possessions became his at marriage; he even had the legal right to pocket her earnings. Worst of all, a mother had no established rights in regard to her children. An irresponsible father could, and often did, apprentice his children as bonded servants to pay off his debts, or appoint other guardians than their mother for them.

The conventions of the period forbade women to speak or express their opinions in public, especially in the presence of men. This violation of the right of free speech reached a climax at a world antislavery meeting in London in 1840, to which Lucretia and several other female delegates were sent from America. To their dismay, British officials refused to honor their credentials because they were women.

Lucretia's sister delegates would have yielded, intimidated by the fact that they were visitors in a foreign land. But not Lucretia. Instead of submitting meekly to the official edict, she insisted on the rights of women to be delegates with so much spirit and wit that they were admitted to the convention hall. However, since it was considered immodest for females to sit with men in a public gathering, the women were herded like so many sheep behind a curtained-off enclosure. There they could listen without being seen, while the lords of the earth spent the whole first day of the antislavery meeting wrangling over whether or not they would allow the women dele-

gates to voice the opinions that they held at the meeting.

The question was put to a vote and lost, but the arguments against women delegates were so absurd, and the opinions expressed so bigoted, that the victors lost more than they gained.

The great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, a friend of Lucretia's and the most important of the American delegation, arrived late. Finding that the men had voted to bar the women from any active part in the convention, he not only refused to speak himself but also took a seat behind the curtain with the despised women.

Out of this controversy arose Lucretia's decision to found a movement for women's rights in America. And out of that movement, started by herself and a handful of friends, grew the suffrage organization which won women the right to vote and corrected many of the social and economic injustices that were accepted at that time.

(Continued on page 37)



The great moment of the eclipse had finally arrived. "Now," breathed Maria's father, and Maria, calm and alert, began counting the seconds in a clear, steady voice: "One, two . . ."

Muffy knew that if she had to play a solo her throat would close up



MUFFY, her notes clear and true, was playing away as if she were first oboe, instead of second. She had no business playing Lucinda's solo with her, but Lucinda was a good scout and never seemed to mind.

"Hi, Muffy!" That was Mr. Silsbee, the orchestra leader and music instructor, who never seemed like a teacher at all. Indeed, the music room was more club than classroom. Musical instruments were everywhere. Gym suits and lunch bags spilled off the chairs, and the piano top was a catchall for notebooks of every shape and size.

"Yes, Mr. Silsbee?" Muffy was prepared for praise, but she was disappointed.

"Give the A," Mr. Silsbee said and, leaning forward, added quietly, "See me after class, please."

Muffy sounded the A, a little puzzled that it was she, not Lucinda, who had been asked to do so. After she finished her *bum, bum, bum* as second oboe, she took her instrument out of her mouth and rested it on her lap. Maybe Mr. Silsbee didn't like to have her play along with Lucinda when the first oboe was supposed to be having a solo.

But when it was time for Lucinda to repeat her part, Muffy licked her lips and put the reed in her mouth, unable to resist playing even if Mr. Silsbee did scold. She looked at Lucinda out of the corner of her eye, and wondered if she minded. Sometimes she worried about that, but it was the only time Muffy really enjoyed playing, so she kept on to the end.

"Say, you played that awfully well," Lucinda leaned over to tell her. "You play better than I do, Muffy. You ought to have that solo."

"Tell that to Mr. Silsbee," Muffy answered. "You know what happens to me if I have to play a solo. My throat closes up, and I can't make a sound."

"That's what you say." Lucinda was drying and polishing her oboe carefully. "You're a dope to be so shy. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I don't know," Muffy admitted miserably. "I guess it's because both my father and my grandfather are really good musicians. Grandfather is still oboist with the New

The SIL

York Philharmonic, and Father plays the bassoon in the Kaltzer Woodwind Ensemble. It drives them nearly crazy when I clam up in front of an audience."

"I should think it would," Lucinda agreed. "Why do you?"

"I don't know," Muffy said again helplessly. "I've always been like that. I never could play in front of people. Don't you remember?"

"I remember you at camp," Lucinda giggled. "No one knew whether you were bugling taps or reveille."

"No, I mean the time Mr. Dosinsky gave the orchestra in fifth grade a build-up about the oboe and asked me to come play it for them, and they waited and waited—"

"And you never came, and we had to drag you there the next day."

"I did so come," Muffy confessed, "but I got scared outside the room and ran back to home room."

"Well, we never saw you," Lucinda said. "And Mr. Dosinsky told Georgie and me to bring you next day and we did. That was when I decided to play the oboe. You gave out with some lovely notes, even then."

"Did I?" Muffy was surprised. "I never heard them, I was so scared."

"Scared of what? I like to play for people. After all, what's the good of playing if there's no one to hear?"

"I wouldn't know," Muffy said, "but quit lecturing me. You sound like Grandpa, Father, and Mr. Silsbee. I have to see Mr. Silsbee now, so I'll meet you in class."

"YOU FAILED the audition for the State Wide Orchestra," the orchestra leader said to Muffy as she approached him. "How could you, Muffy? I was sure—"

"My throat closed up. I—I—"

"Too bad." He shook his head. "They need an oboist."

"What about Lucinda?" Muffy asked.

Mr. Silsbee shook his head. "State Wide has to have an oboist who is an excellent reader. Lucinda's no good at sight reading, and she doesn't practice enough. She's slow. You would have been all right, if only you didn't always dry up when you have an audience. A musician who can't

make a sound except when she's alone is just a total loss!"

"I know, Mr. Silsbee," Muffy murmured unhappily. "That's exactly what Grandpa says."

This was an understatement, for hardly a day went by that Father or Grandpa didn't give Muffy a lecture that left her with a lump in her throat. She hated being such a disappointment to them. They wanted to be proud of her, but they couldn't be. She was a good musician; she played the oboe very well when she thought she was alone. She could read almost any instrument music at sight. She could transpose. She soaked her reeds and took excellent care of them. But every time she had to play a solo at a recital either she produced a couple of sour notes or she remained mute while the accompaniment plunked on alone.

"What are you going to wear to the recital tonight?" Lucinda asked Muffy after school. "I've got a new pink organdy, off-the-shoulderish. Bob Evarts asked me for a date. Have you a date?"

Muffy shook her head. "My family will drive me up, I guess. I'm going to wear my white piqué."

"You've worn that white piqué for two years," Lucinda complained. "Why don't you get some new clothes?"

"The piqué is all right," Muffy argued. "I never have dates, so why get excited about clothes? Stop picking on me."

"I'm not picking on you. I just thought that if you'd get a new dress, Harry might ask you for a date. He said the other day, after you'd played my solo with me, that if you'd come out of your hole you'd be a nice kid."

"Did he? Did Harry say that? Gosh, he's a senior!"

"So," Lucinda suggested sweetly, "maybe a new dress, maybe a little lipstick, a new hairdo?"

"Hush up!" Muffy ordered, tossing back a fat brown braid.

"Now you sound just like Mother."

"You're impossible." Lucinda grabbed her books. "There's absolutely no use trying to help you."

Muffy agreed with Lucinda as she went back to the music room. Silently she tidied up—filed and sorted. The girls and boys were nice enough to her, but she just wasn't one of them. She was an odd cross between a good sport who would help anybody out and a solitary goon. She was teacher's pet who did all the things none of the other students had time to do, and teacher's pest, who wouldn't do any of the things she was supposed to do, like playing out loud at recital or answering questions in class.

EVEN though she was only second oboe, Muffy was excited about the recital. She practiced, took her bath, dressed, and rode up to the high school with Grandpa, Mother, and Father. She hadn't been able to eat her supper, and she was as nervous as if she were the featured soloist with a name band. Having Father and Grandfather at the recital was enough to give her stage fright, for they both sat in the front row and openly cringed when a sour note was struck. Muffy had often wondered why they came if they suffered so, until one day she heard her father say to her mother, "We must encourage Muffy, prove we have faith in her ability."

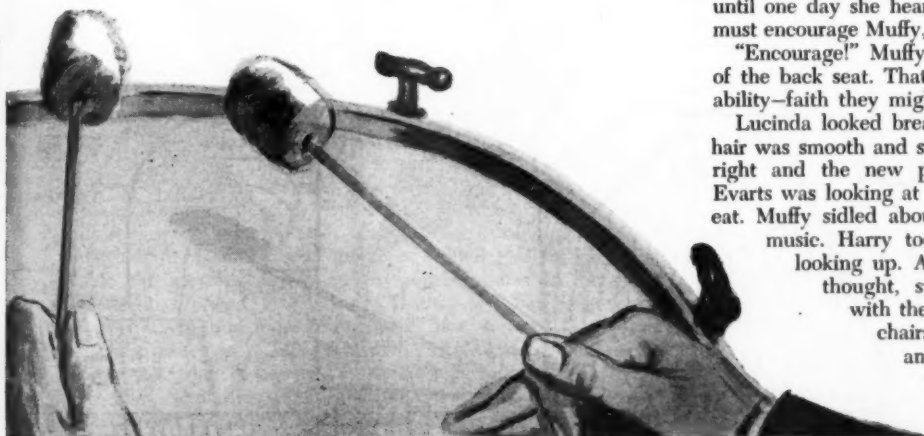
"Encourage!" Muffy thought, and shrank into her corner of the back seat. That was a laugh. And as to faith in her ability—faith they might have, but ability she had not.

Lucinda looked breathtakingly lovely. Her shining yellow hair was smooth and soft and curly. Her lipstick was on just right and the new pink dress was very becoming. Bob Evarts was looking at her as if she were something good to eat. Muffy sidled about, putting up stands and giving out music. Harry took his music from her without even looking up. At least, he might have smiled, Muffy thought, swallowing hard. And she continued with the business of setting up the stands and chairs. The girls were flirting with the boys, and the boys were either fussing about with their (Continued on page 48)

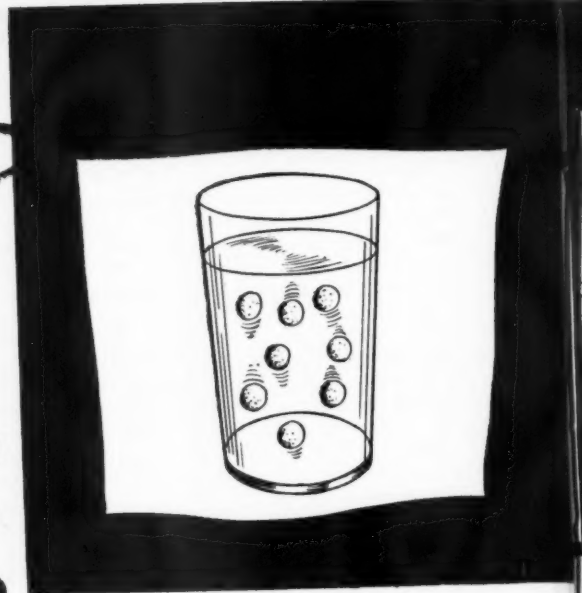
Illustrated by Tom Dunn

ENT OBOE

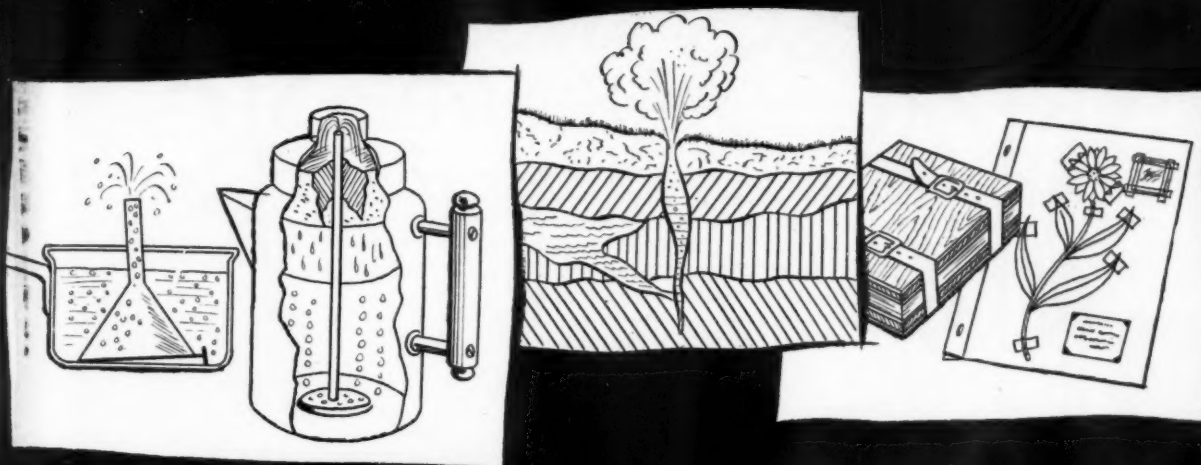
by REGINA J. WOODY



the
game
of
SCIENCE



Drawings by Jerry Cammins



by NELSON F. BEELER and FRANKLYN M. BRANLEY

HAVE you ever thought of science as a game? It is—a game of exploring, of discovering, of finding out more about the everyday things all around you, what they are, how they work, and why they behave as they do.

Here are three experiments which will provide just a glimpse of the fun and fascination that science can open up for you. Not only will you enjoy reading about these experiments, but you'll want to do every one of them, too. And it's the doing that is so exciting and such fun. The equipment needed is simple; much of it you may have on hand. The instructions are so easy to follow that no background of scientific knowledge is necessary, not even a high-school science course.

DANCING MOTHBALLS

Mothballs	Vinegar
Baking soda	Soda water
2 glasses tap water	Tall or large, rounded jar
Ink or vegetable dye	

We all know that camphor mothballs are used to keep moths from ruining our winter woolens. But they also can be used to perform interesting tricks. You can make mothballs rise and fall in a solution for hours to produce a pretty "snowstorm" effect.

Why don't you try this one at your next party? Everyone will want to know why this "perpetual motion" goes on.

If you put mothballs into a glass of tap water, the mothballs, being denser than the water, will sink. If, however, you put them into a glass of soda water, they will float. But if you put them into a glass that contains both water and soda, or that contains soda which has lost part of its "fizz," the mothballs will alternately rise and sink, and they will continue to do so for several hours.

Place four mothballs in half a glass of water. The mothballs will sink to the bottom. Uncap a bottle of soda water and gradually add the soda to the half-filled glass of water. Watch the mothballs while you're pouring the soda. When they begin to rise, stop pouring. If they should fall again and stay down, add more soda; but if they should rise, sink, and rise again, you will know that the mothballs are dancing and no more soda is needed. They will continue to dance for some time, depending upon how much soda you have in the water. When the action stops, it can be renewed by adding more soda to the glass. If the glass is already full, pour off

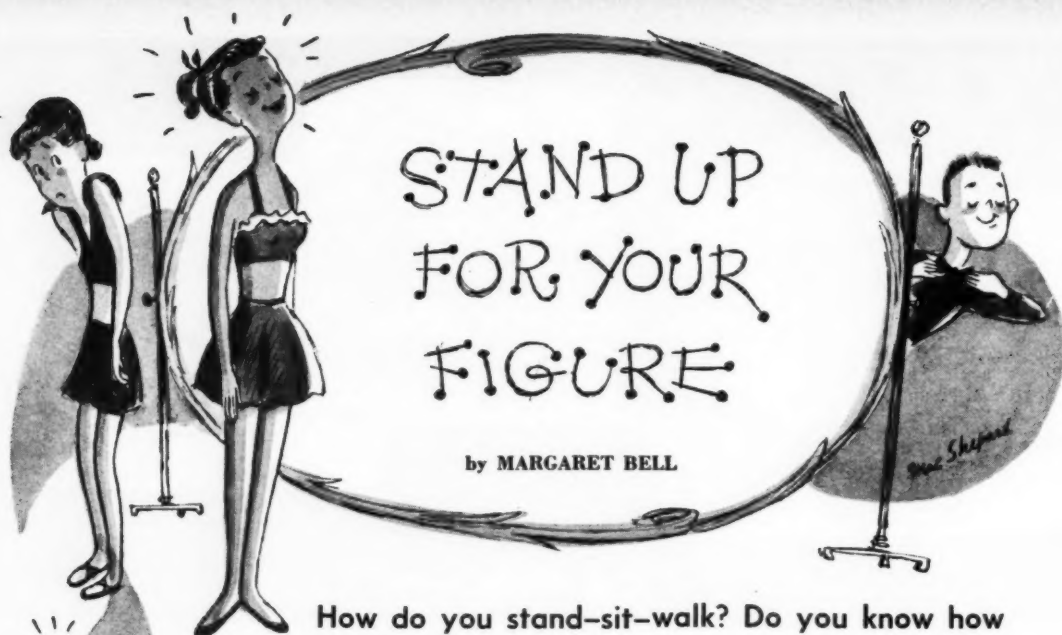
some of the "dead" water and then add a little more soda.

Another way to make the mothballs move is to use baking soda and vinegar instead of soda water. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful of baking soda in two thirds of a glass of water. Drop four mothballs into the solution. Gradually add vinegar to the solution until the mothballs rise. If the mothballs should then sink and remain at the bottom, add more vinegar. But if they sink and then rise, leave the solution as it is. The action should continue for an hour or so. When it stops, add more vinegar.

It is a combination of chemical elements that makes the mothballs dance in baking soda and vinegar. Soda water contains dissolved carbon dioxide. When baking soda and vinegar come together, carbon dioxide is formed. The bubbles you see in soda water are formed by carbon dioxide that is escaping from the liquid. But all of the gas does not escape at once. Some of it is dissolved in the water and remains in it for a long time. When a gas is dissolved in a liquid, it will usually come out of solution on any rough surface and collect on the small projections. The mothballs provide a rough surface, and so the carbon dioxide collects on them.

Now watch the mothballs closely and you can see the carbon dioxide bubbles form on them. When enough bubbles of carbon dioxide have formed, the mothball is lifted to the surface just as air-filled pontoons lift a sunken boat, or as a life belt lifts up a swimmer. When the mothballs come to the surface, they give off to the air some of the gas that was raising them, and that is why they fall back toward the bottom. Also, when the mothballs knock against one another while moving upward, some of the bubbles are removed, causing those balls to drop. Others that are moving downward may pick up enough carbon dioxide on the way down to lift them up again before they reach the bottom. And so it goes on for hours—some mothballs moving upward, some downward, some going all the way, others only part way.

TO MAKE an attractive display of dancing mothballs place them in a tall jar, or in a large, rounded jar. Fill the jar with a mixture of one part soda water and three parts tap water. Color the liquid with a drop or two of ink or vegetable dye. Then drop in three or four mothballs, and they will keep moving for several hours. Next time you have guests for dinner or are giving a party, make a centerpiece of dancing mothballs. Or make one for (Continued on page 46)



How do you stand-sit-walk? Do you know how much your carriage can help or hinder your looks?



WHO IS THE best-looking girl you know? Have you ever tried to figure out what makes her that way? Is there some one thing all attractive people have in common? Lovely eyes? Gleaming hair? I don't know the girl you have in mind, but I do know that to be really attractive, the one thing she *must* have is good posture.

Posture can make or break your good-looks score. Poor posture can cancel the effect of pretty eyes, lovely complexion, beautiful hair, a good figure. In fact, it's mighty hard to *have* or to *keep* a good figure if you don't keep your body properly lined up when you stand, sit, and walk. And even the loveliest of clothes—that trim suit or snappy topper you're dreaming of for Easter—just won't give the smart effect you want if they're worn over drooping shoulders, protruding tummy, or a shelf in the rear.

The best thing about this posture problem is that it's really all in your own hands. You can't change the shape of your face, the color of your eyes, or the texture of your hair, but you *can* change your posture.

When Olivia de Havilland created the Academy Award winning role of a mentally ill girl in "The Snake Pit," she gave a dra-

matic demonstration of the power of posture to alter a total picture. Her eyes, mouth, complexion, figure were the same familiar assets of beauty that have made Olivia one of the screen's most glamorous stars. But their *effect* was completely changed by one trick—posture. By altering the way she stood, walked, and sat, she changed herself from a natural beauty to a pathetic, unattractive, defeated figure. She very definitely was not a pretty picture.

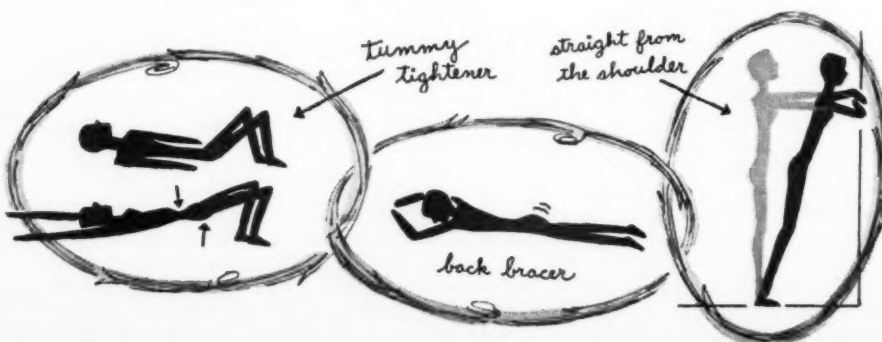
Yet every pose, every gesture was but an exaggeration of the ordinary, garden variety of posture faults you see every day: the drooping shoulders, hang dog air, the slumping down when seated, the shuffling walk, the forward-thrust head.

Do any of these hit home? What kind of picture of yourself are *you* showing the world? How about sharpening your powers of self-criticism and taking stock?

Beg, borrow, or buy a full-length mirror (if you don't have one in your home). Strip down to your underwear at least.

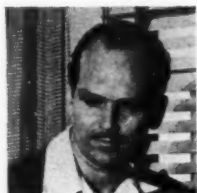
With your side toward the mirror, stand as you usually do. Now, take a good look at the side view of yourself from top to toe.

(Continued on page 31)



As Artists See Her...

What does the "typical American girl" look like? She's descended from many racial and cultural strains, and there are probably as many answers as there are painters. Six distinguished American artists generously agreed to paint their individual concepts of her for the Girl Scout organization. The small black-and-white pictures on this page give you only a hint of how interesting and different each portrait is. During the coming months they will appear in color on six covers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The original paintings will be exhibited throughout the country by local Girl Scout groups, so you may be able to see them in your home town. A special spring wardrobe, inspired by the paintings and designed by several leading manufacturers, is shown on the following pages.



EARL CORDREY

After five years in Palm Springs, California, Earl Cordrey says he is "a confirmed desert rat and worshiper of the sun and its health-giving rays." From his modern home, with its breath-taking views of mountain and desert, he carries on the work he

started in New York—giving five full days a week, sometimes seven, to magazine and advertising art. His daughter Sandra, who was his "typical American girl" model, plays a fine game of tennis and dreams of tournaments at Forest Hills and Wimbledon.



EDWIN GEORGI

Edwin Georgi studied civil engineering and copy-writing before he discovered that art was his forte. With no formal art education, by hard work and study, mostly under the guidance of artist René Clarke, he has won his way to top rank in mag-

azine and advertising art. The model for his painting is a girl he's watched grow up, and he sees in her the traits he considers important for the typical American girl—kindliness, tolerance, intelligence, an honest approach to life, plus beauty and athletic ability.



JANE MILLER

Jane Miller has a lot of strings to her bow. She does cover, story, and fashion illustration for women's magazines; art work and sometimes copy for advertisements of leading department stores; text and illustrations for children's books. She thinks of the typical

American girl as an all-round athlete, pretty on a dance floor, sympathetic with small children. "She's a lot healthier-looking than my painting, believe me!" says Miss Miller. "I was trying to put across a certain vague wistfulness that all young girls have."



AL MOORE

Al Moore first came into the public eye as a star football player. Then he broke through the line into art, and has done covers and illustrations for nearly every national magazine, plus many commercial illustrations. At the Moore home in Kent, Con-

necticut, you'd meet his wife, a Boy Scout son, a Girl Scout daughter, and a future Brownie, now two and a half. To Mr. Moore, the chief character traits of the typical American girl are an underlying interest in people and a feeling of responsibility.



RAY PROHASKA

Ray Prohaska was born in Yugoslavia, studied art in San Francisco, and now lives and works on Long Island. His home is near New York City, yet it offers opportunities for his favorite sport, surf fishing. The problem is to sandwich surf fishing into a tight

schedule which includes magazine illustration, advertising art, and fine-arts painting. He tells us he chose his model because she had the qualities that he thought the typical American girl should have—vigor, a sparkle in her expression, tenderness, and vitality.



JON WHITCOMB

If you make doodles, contribute drawings to your school publications, and do posters, you're following in the footsteps of Jon Whitcomb. Commissions for covers and story illustrations now keep this popular artist busy with his paintbrush from ten to eighteen

hours a day, often seven days a week. The latest, the most modern, in architecture, in styles, in ideas—these are for Jon Whitcomb. "You've got to be something new each year," he says. His concept of the typical American girl is a forward-looking young modern.



Portrait inspired fashions



Left: Touraine's all-around pleated skirt is topped by a short, fitted jacket. Made of all wool with a pattern of woven squares, it's about \$25 in subteen sizes 10-14. *Right:* This simple, fitted suit by Braeteen has tiny button front, round collar, cuffed sleeves, slim skirt. Of smooth rayon suiting, teen sizes 10-16, about \$23



Sheer navy cotton in a full-skirted dress by Sandra Lee. Sleeves are bell-shaped puffs with lace edging. Shoulders are sloped; collar is tiny. In teen sizes 10-16, about \$9

Here are fashions as fresh as a March breeze and full of the excitement of the paintings that inspired them. (See page 17.) Leading designers saw the Typical American Girl portraits and then created these fashions especially for you. In 1950 they think of you as wearing all-around pleated skirts—dresses with their own little jackets—a basic suit in navy—shorter toppers—and sheer cottons. These fashions can be bought at the stores on page 49.

Left: A double-duty outfit in navy taffeta by Junior First. Sleeveless dress has round collar with piqué ties. Short, double-breasted jacket has piqué revers. About \$11, in teen sizes 10-16

Right: There are three ways to wear the novel eyelet collar of this slim drawstring-waisted dress. Made of cotton taffa dot by Dell Tween, it comes in subteen sizes 10-14, for about \$9





*Photographs by Ralph M. Baxter
at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc.*

Derby's yoke-backed topper of all-wool shag with deep slash pockets has a shoestring tie that may be worn around the collar or waist. About \$17, for subteen sizes 10-14

hats by Madcaps • gloves by Dawnelle

Shirtwaist fashion with a separate jacket by Petiteen. Dress has pleated taffeta skirt and polka-dot crepe blouse. Taffeta bolero has tiny puffed sleeves. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$13



Accessories, Too!

The typical American Girl paintings also inspired these new accessories that add a gay note to any costume. Especially created for you, they are available at stores listed on page 49



1. A band of buttons brightens this little cloche that fits close to the head. By Harry Weiss, it's made of wool felt; costs about \$3

2. This small, neat scarf by Glentex, has delicate pen-and-ink floral prints on pastel backgrounds of silk. Yours for about \$1

3. A welcome change from dangles and charms—Coro's wide "cuff" bracelet—so smart with new sleeveless fashions. About \$2*

4. Have your initials engraved on the round disc of this novel "safety" pin. Designed by Coro for little collars, it's about \$1*

5. Shaped like an old treasure chest, Youth Mode's box bag is styled in smooth cowhide with an adjustable shoulder strap. About \$3

6. Comfortable low-heeled shoe by Westport is V-throated, closed all around, and has a tailored little instep strap. For about \$8

7. Dainty flowers embroidered on the cuff add a dressy note to Dawnelle's shortie gloves. Of double-woven cotton, about \$2.50

8. The sleeveless look by Sally Mason in a crisp organdy blouse with pin-stitched wing collar and front. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$3

Drawings by Hilda Glasgow

*Add 20% Federal Tax to these items.

THE AMERICAN GIRL



4643: This frock is simple to make, for the skirt is just a half circle. For sizes 10-16, it would be gaily casual in a Dan River cotton with rickrack, and lovely for graduation in pique with lace bands. Size 12 takes $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" fabric

9255: Fitted bodice and full skirt make this a good choice for spring. A detachable yoke may be buttoned in for a higher neckline. For sizes 11-17. You will need 4 yards 35" fabric for size 13—Ameritex's "Zircon" cotton would be nice

4702: A little suit can give a big life to a summer wardrobe. This one, with a bolero and back-pleated skirt, includes its own separate blouse pattern. Designed for sizes 12-18, in 16 the suit requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39" fabric; blouse, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards



Each Pattern 25c

Fair and Warmer



4532

4555



4632



4532: You'll step out gracefully in this cool, short-sleeved number, with its becoming neckline and collar. It comes in sizes 12-18, and is easy to make, for there are no shoulder or side-skirt seams. Size 16 takes $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" material

4555: A practical addition to a summer wardrobe, this smart dress buttons at the shoulders and down the side, opening flat for ironing. For the material, try a Bates cotton. Sized for 11-17, in size 13 you will need $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of a 35" fabric

4632: This tricky frock for sizes 12-18 has a dual personality. In a printed cotton it would be equally good in town or country, for the top of the blouse back can be dropped for shoulder sun-tanning. Size 16 calls for $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35" material

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering enclose 25¢ for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For clip-out order blank, please turn to page 37.



FISH

Try your hand at these tempting fish and sea-food dishes that will bring cheers from your family and your friends

AN ORCHID to AMERICAN GIRL cooks this month! You have sent us a really splendid collection of fish recipes. There were so many good ones that making a choice was difficult. You'll enjoy trying the recipes finally selected. They will certainly give variety to your menus, for there are quite a few with unusual and pleasing combinations of foods and flavors.

Because several of the recipes call for crabmeat, shrimp, and lobster, we are giving you directions for preparing them at the start, instead of repeating the instructions in each recipe.

CRABMEAT AND LOBSTER

It is quite a long and tedious process to remove the meat from lobsters and hard-shelled crabs. Therefore, in recipes calling for either crabmeat or lobster you will probably use meat that has already been cooked and removed from the shell. You may purchase it in cans or frozen from your grocer, or by the pound at your local fish market. Whichever you use, shred the lobster or crabmeat, picking the meat over very carefully and removing all particles of shell and bony pieces from between the sections of meat.

SHRIMP

If you use fresh shrimp, you may, if you wish, shell and clean them before cooking; you'll find that there's less odor this way. Cut off tails, pull off the legs, open shell along the underside of the shrimp and peel off; remove black vein with a sharp knife. Rinse shrimp lightly in cold water. Put a few celery leaves or a half stalk celery, a bay leaf, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 cup water in saucepan. Bring to boil and simmer five minutes; add shrimp, cover and simmer five minutes after stock returns to boiling. Remove from heat; drain, saving

Conducted by JUDITH MILLER

Drawing by Kelly Oechall

stock for use in sauces, chowders, or molded sea-food salads. When shrimp is cold, store in refrigerator until needed.

With canned or frozen shrimp—drain, and remove black vein.

STUFFED FISH FILLETS

Here's a good way to stretch fish to serve more people. This savory dish is simple to prepare and inexpensive.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| ¾ cup finely cut celery | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion | 1 teaspoon thyme or other savory seasoning |
| 6 tablespoons melted fat | 1 to 1½ pounds small fish fillets (ocean perch, cod, flounder) |
| 3 cups cubed day-old bread | Fine bread crumbs |
| ¾ teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons fat |
| Pinch pepper | |

Cook celery and onion in fat for a few minutes. Add cubed bread and seasonings; mix well. Place stuffing on inner side of salted individual fillets. Roll and fasten with toothpicks. Coat the stuffed fillets with fine crumbs and brown in fat in a frying pan. Cover and cook over low heat until tender, about 10 minutes. Serves 6.

Sent by

NAN MORSCH, Boise, Idaho

CRABMEAT CASSEROLE

An unusual and very delicious blend of sea food, cheese, and spicy anchovy paste.

- | | |
|--|---|
| ½ pound crabmeat, fresh, frozen, or canned | 4 slices bread |
| ½ pound pimiento or cream cheese | Anchovy paste |
| 2 tablespoons flour | ½ pound fresh mushrooms, or 1 small can |
| 2 tablespoons shortening | ½ cup fine bread crumbs |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 3 tablespoons melted butter |
| 1½ cups milk | |

Shred crabmeat; cut cheese into ½" cubes. Make a white sauce by melting shortening, blending in flour and seasoning,

and adding milk gradually. (If using fresh mushrooms, clean them and sauté in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, over low heat, 5-8 minutes. When using canned mushrooms, sautéing is not necessary; drain off the liquid and use it in place of part of the milk in the white sauce.) Toast bread and spread lightly with anchovy paste; cut each slice into four squares. Place a layer of toast squares in the bottom of a buttered casserole dish, cover with white sauce. Add a layer of crabmeat, a layer of cheese cubes, a layer of mushrooms, continuing in this fashion until all ingredients are used. Combine bread crumbs and melted butter and sprinkle over top. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until the crumbs are golden brown. This will take about 30 minutes. Serves 4.

Sent by

JANICE FAYE MAYCROFT, Arthur, Illinois

TUNA-FISH PIE

A "different" kind of pie—practically a one-dish meal. A tossed green salad would go nicely with it.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 cups hot mashed potatoes, well-seasoned | ½ teaspoon salt or celery salt |
| 1 egg, well-beaten | Few grains pepper |
| 2 6-oz. cans tuna fish | 1 tablespoon grated onion |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | ½ cup fine bread crumbs |
| 2 tablespoons flour | 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted |
| ¾ cup milk | |

Add egg to mashed potatoes and blend well. Use this mixture as a crust in a 9-inch pie plate. Make a white sauce by melting butter, blending in flour and seasoning, adding milk gradually and stirring (Continued on page 35)

For the first time a book on picture taking written just for you

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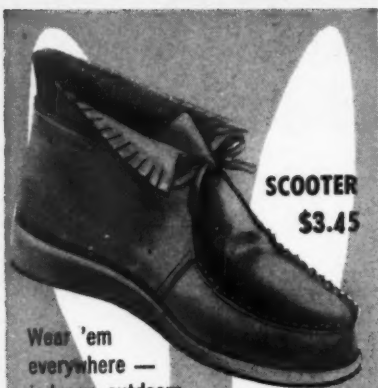


Kodak Film

gets the picture

It's the film in the
familiar yellow
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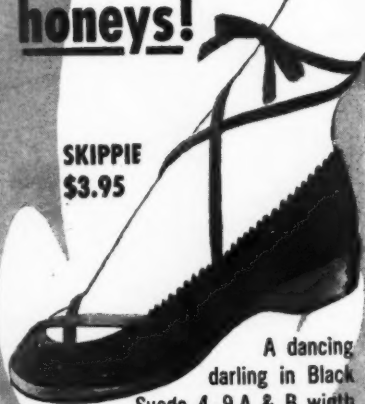


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TEEN SHOP talk

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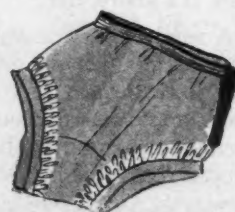
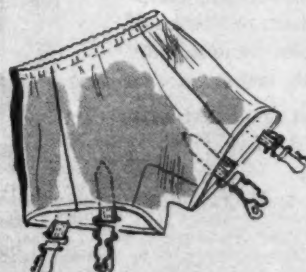
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A short sleeper—this novel pajama by Carter has an elasticized round neckline, midriff and pantie leg. Of non-run rayon knit, it's \$2.95 and comes in teen sizes 10-16 at Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh

Blue Swan's comfortable "Sus pant" briefs, of nylon and rayon, combine the fast-drying qualities of nylon with the absorbency of rayon. At Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., for \$1.95



Nylon lace trims the snug band leg of a brief nylon-knit pantie by Minneapolis Knitting. In teen sizes 8-16. Donaldson's, Minneapolis, has it for \$1.75

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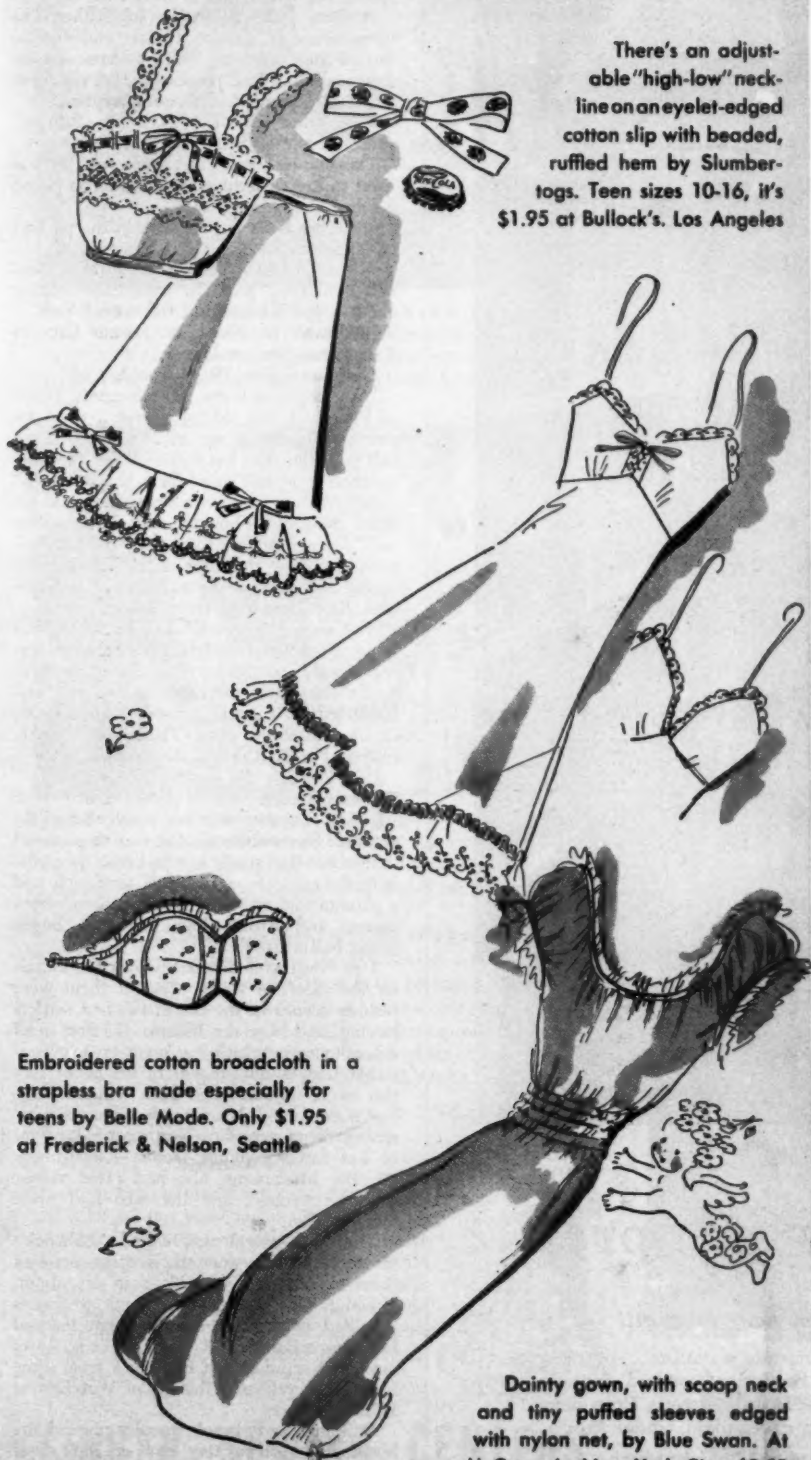
TEEN SHOP *talk*

For the Pepsi crowd, a pretty percale petticoat and camisole by Opera, trimmed with eyelet edges and Pepsi crowns. They're \$1.95 each at Jordan Marsh, Boston

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Drawings by Lila Well

There's an adjustable "high-low" neckline on an eyelet-edged cotton slip with beaded, ruffled hem by Slumber-togs. Teen sizes 10-16, it's \$1.95 at Bullock's, Los Angeles



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Daystar

(Continued from page 7)

all, she was Gail Bennett, class secretary, editor in chief of the "Chatterbox," president of the Dramatic Club. When she talked, her classmates usually listened. Relaxed, she continued easily, "All we need is enough spunk, the willingness to work..."

A sharp, bitter laugh interrupted her. The class turned to look at a dark, curly-haired boy in the back row, Vito Daddona. Intelligent and a talented pianist, he had the reputation of being the class troublemaker.

Doug stood up. Mr. Walker came forward, prepared to meet any emergency.

Doug's voice was calm and even. "If you want to say something, Vito, will you please get up?"

Vito rose lazily, hands sunk in the pockets of his plaid jacket.

"That's a fine-sounding speech Miss Bennett is making. But why waste time talking about a youth center for this town? Sure, it might work in Peoria or Kansas City or Kalamazoo. But not here."

Gail faced him. "Why wouldn't it?"

"You ought to know, Miss Bennett. Down in Pontatuck the old folks have a word for you people living up in Northport. They call you 'the ones up there.' Well, the ones up there wouldn't stand for a youth center."

Mr. Walker reached a detaining hand toward the boy's shoulder, but Vito rushed on. "They wouldn't want their kids to mix with the ones from Macaroni Village. We might drag some of the mud from the Pontatuck River flats into their homes."

The noon buzzer sounded, but there was none of the usual excited chatter and gathering together of books. For a long moment Gail's classmates sat there, silent and embarrassed, as if afraid to meet the expression in one another's eyes. Then they quietly rose and walked out of the room.

THE cafeteria seemed noisier than ever to Gail as she slid her tray along the counter. She wondered if it was the turmoil within her that made her feel that way. She helped herself to a tuna-fish sandwich and a glass of tomato juice, then found an empty corner, and setting down her tray, began to eat halfheartedly.

Her eyes traveled listlessly over the murals on the cafeteria walls. Most of them were historic scenes of the town: the first settlers buying land from the Indians, the first small schoolhouse in which her great-great-grandfather had taught. It was in his honor that this large, million-dollar Seth Bennett High had been named. Near the door were several scenes of present-day Northport. One was of her father's pump factory—Department 49, Big Machining. She had often visited there as a child, and the men had made much of her.

The next mural was called "Babcock's Mystery" by the students, because none of them understood what it was all about, although jibes and guesses about it always provided good sport among them. Painted by Horace Babcock, it was a night scene of modern Northport and Pontatuck from some high point, probably the top of Watchtower Hill.

Buildings and church steeples pierced the black sky, and a tiny ray of light shot through the darkness from a single, lonely star, hovering over the town.

HOW TO WIN A DEBATE—AND MAKE A DATE!



1. Spring is busting out all over, and I've new clothes on my mind. Our Debate Team trip's coming up—I'm captain, and a knock-'em-dead dress is an absolute *must*. I try Dad but my timing's all wrong. (*Why does income tax time come in the Spring?*)



2. I'm glooming around the stores doing errands for Mother. My heart breaks—I can picture myself on the platform in every mouth-watering dress I see. Suddenly I happen to pass a pattern counter, and I overhear something that makes my ears prick up.



3. A fashion-plate-looking girl is talking to a saleswoman. "I make *all* my clothes," she's saying (I stop in my tracks). "SINGER taught me to cut, fit, stitch and style—and I made this outfit while I learned. Now I can have a closetful of clothes for a song!"

4. I dash over to the SINGER SEWING CENTER. Sure enough, everything she said is true. I take their course, make a sensational dress in the process. I launch it on the trip and we *win the debate!* I win a date, too—with a wonderful-looking boy on the opposing team. He whispers, "Our Spring Formal's in two weeks—come back for it, and I promise not to argue with you the whole evening!"

Are you pining for a new spring wardrobe?

Don't suffer a clothes crisis—learn to make your own! \$8 will buy you 8 lessons at the SINGER SEWING CENTER, where they not only teach you to sew, but show you all the tricks of fitting and finishing. And you make a dress while you learn! Get details from your SINGER SEWING CENTER. (See your classified telephone directory for the address nearest you. SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.)



SINGER SEWING CENTERS

There's one near you to serve you



\$* The dress illustrated was made from Simplicity Pattern #3075 and required 4½ yards of 39" material for size 12.

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"Hello, Gail. Penny for your thoughts!" "I was trying to solve Babcock's Mystery," Gail admitted ruefully, as she snapped out of her preoccupation and smiled at Connie Ciminelli.

Connie's lively eyes swept over the picture. "If you'll promise not to tell and make me the laughingstock of the school, I'll give you my version. Ever hear of the daystar?"

"Never."
"I read about it somewhere. It's the star that comes when it's darkest—just before daybreak." She walked to the mural and pointed. "See how dark it is and, see, here's one tiny star."

"Well, it sounds as plausible as anything else," Gail answered, listlessly, not much interested in Babcock's Mystery, or the daystar, or anything else after the civics class fiasco.

Connie, seeming to sense her gloom, suggested brightly, "Let's talk about the next issue of the Chatterbox. A swell idea struck me while I was eating lunch. It ties up with what you said about a town youth center."

Gail came suddenly alive. "What's your idea?" she asked.

"Why don't we make the next issue of the Chatterbox a youth-center number? Have articles and pictures of different centers. Run an inquiring photographer column about it, asking the freshmen and sophs and juniors what they think. Then have some opinion articles written in serious vein by prominent seniors."

Gail felt the blood racing through her veins. Suddenly life was worth living again. "Gee, that's wonderful, Connie!"

Connie, her dark eyes shining, was making rapid notes. "Let's see, who'll we ask to do the opinion articles?"

"How about asking me to write one?"

Both girls wheeled around to face Vito Daddona.

It won't pay to have a row in public with him, Gail thought, as she answered as casually as she could. "All right, Vito, if you'll promise to say something constructive."

"Constructive!" he sneered. "Even if I did, you wouldn't print it."

John D'Andrea, a quiet boy who hated squabbles, called, "Come on down to the gym, Vito."

A crowd of students, sensing trouble, began to gather. Vito lounged against the wall, his arms folded. "I heard something last night that would make a sensational item for a youth-center article, Miss Bennett."

John and two other boys pulled at him, but he shook them off. "I heard your father talking with Sandy Owens at the garage." Delighted with the attention of the crowd which was growing bigger all the time, Vito enlarged on his theme. "You know Sandy Owens, the amateur inventor. Thinks he's inventing a new carburetor and has to call in an engineering expert like Mr. Austin Bennett to help him." He glanced around at his spellbound audience. "Well, I heard them discussing something pretty important."

Gail was grateful to see Doug Winthrop push his way to the front. "Don't you think you better keep what you heard to yourself, Vito?" he urged.

A voice from the edge of the crowd belated, "Don't let him bluff you, Vito. Tell us what you heard."

"I'm going to tell all right. Everybody ought to know this about the father of the girl who is so enthusiastic over a center

where we can all have fun together like one happy family. He told Sandy Owens he didn't want his daughter going down to Pontatuck after school. He doesn't like the idea of her hanging out in that section."

Doug's calm voice carried a note of warning. "Better be sure you can prove what you say, Vito. A lot of people are listening." "Let them listen. I have a witness. John D'Andrea was with me. He heard it, too. Didn't you, John?"

Gail looked around at the crowd, staring at John, waiting for his answer.

"Go ahead, Johnnie," Vito ordered, "tell them." John twisted and untwisted the crumpled bag that had held his lunch. "Don't be afraid, Johnnie. Tell them that you heard Mr. Austin Bennett say he didn't want his daughter to be friends with anyone from Pontatuck."

Someone at the far end of the cafeteria dropped a tray. Nobody in the crowd around Vito and Gail paid the slightest attention. To Gail, they seemed to be standing there, silent, accusing, hostile. She grabbed Doug's arm and whispered, "I've had enough. Get me out of here."

Doug pushed his way through the crowd, pulling Gail after him, out into the hallway. She ran down the stairs with Doug close behind her. At the deserted end of the first floor, she leaned against the lockers and put both her hands over her face. Doug took hold of her arms.

"Don't let Vito Daddona bother you, Gail. He's always imagining somebody or other's making fun of him or of his friends because of their Italian ancestry. He's got a complex about it."

His voice was soothing, but Gail could feel her arms tremble under his strong grip. "In second grade he was sure we were making fun of his clothes," he went on. "He had an overcoat made out of his father's suit. One day he got himself so worked up, he tore off the coat, flung it into the snow, and walked home in the freezing cold. That's the way he is." Doug gave her a little shake. "Snap out of it, Gail. The crowd will forget what he said. Nobody minds Vito."

"It's not that, Doug. I'm worried about what Connie will think. She's my friend, and now the whole school knows what Dad said about her." Her eyes were full and her throat felt tight. "I wouldn't blame her if she never spoke to me again."

(To be continued)

Stand Up for Your Figure

(Continued from page 16)

DO YOU LOOK LIKE THIS? OR THIS?

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Feet toed out or in, knees locked | 1. Feet pointing straight ahead, knees easy |
| 2. Shoulders forward, shoulder blades protruding | 2. Shoulders back, relaxed |
| 3. Head forward, upper back rounded | 3. Head high, ears in line with hips and ankles |
| 4. Abdomen protruding, sagging | 4. Abdomen flat |
| 5. Back swayed, buttocks prominent | 5. Back straight, buttocks tucked under |

If you can fit yourself without strain into the pattern outlined in the right-hand column, good posture should be plain sailing for you. A little will power and the right orders to your muscles, and soon you'll find that those muscles are firm and strong and

(Continued on page 33)



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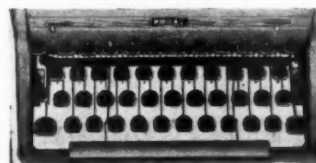
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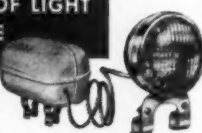
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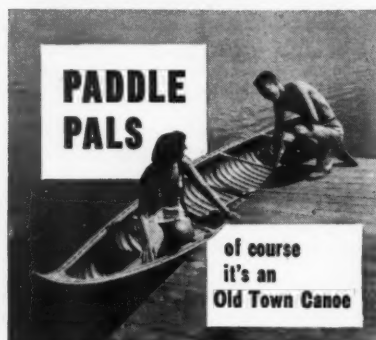
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by MARJORIE CINTA

Turn in the Road. By MARQUERITE DICKSON. *Thomas Nelson & Sons, \$2.50.* There had been little left to the Worthingtons when they were reduced to living in Shanty Row except their love for one another and their pride in their once-distinguished family name. Seventeen-year-old Isabel, oldest of the six young Worthingtons, was passionately resolved that the near-miracle of their move to a comfortable house on Hackmatack Point should be the first step in regaining their lost standing in the little Maine community. But they had little besides the house, and Isabel had to find the answers to a great many problems—how to interest Father, with his strong sense of what was suited to his family pride, in a job at the town dump; how to fight an unknown enemy who seemed bent on wrecking the whole cleanup project; how to find jobs and the right friends for herself and Sil, the brother next to her in age. Roddy, the younger brother, could help a little, but the twins and the baby had to be looked after. And as if all that were not enough, Isabel felt she must save the fundless, rapidly going-to-seed Worthington Memorial Library, given to the town in memory of her grandfather by a rich cousin of her father's. The young people in this book think, talk, and act like today's youngsters. There is warmth and authenticity and the smell and feel of Maine in this story of a family and its problems and the self-reliant girl who tackles them. Many of you know and love other books by this author: "Roof Over Our Heads," "Bramble Bush," and "Lightning Strikes Twice."

Carney's House Party. By MAUDE HART LOVELACE. *Thomas Y. Crowell, \$2.50.* A new Deep Valley story needs no introduction to most teen-age girls, but even if you haven't had the good fortune to meet Betsy, Tacy, and the rest of the Deep Valley crowd in Mrs. Lovelace's other books, you will revel in the good times of a wonderful summer back in 1911 in this one. Carney Sibley, a Vassar sophomore, reluctantly invites her sophisticated Eastern roommate Isobel to join her other guests, Bonnie Andrews, home from Paris, and Betsy Ray, back from California, in the Sibleys' com-

fortable Minnesota home. Betsy-Tacy fans will rejoice to know that Larry Humphries, Carney's high-school sweetheart, comes from California to take part in the festivities, aimed at showing Isobel the best of the Midwest. Big, untidy Sam Hutchinson in his flashing Locomobile adds considerable fun and complication to the summer. The young people are no different from those of today, but the 1911 way of life at Vassar will certainly startle and amuse you. There are no harrowing problems to be solved, no deep, unsatisfied yearnings, no serious struggles or sufferings in these books. They are filled with the happy good times of gay young people which are a delight to read.

The Lees of Arlington. By MARGUERITE VANCE. *E. P. Dutton, \$2.50.* Even the most partisan Northern sympathizer admits that Robert E. Lee was a good man, a gallant general, and an upright gentleman in the richest meaning of that term. What was he really like behind the scenes of history and what about his wife, Mary Custis, great-granddaughter of Martha Washington? Mrs. Vance brings them to life in this tender and charming telling of their beautiful nineteenth-century love story. Lovely and fragile-looking, with a gay sense of fun, Mary was an only child, brought up in luxury at the Custis plantation, Arlington, on the Potomac. Handsome, serious Robert was the younger son of colorful Lighthorse Harry Lee, who ran through his fortune and left his invalid wife in straitened circumstances to bring up her five children. Robert, his mother's mainstay and comfort, had plenty to make a young man serious. Mary proved she had her great-grandmother's courage and spiritual strength when she was tried in the fire of events. The story begins when, as boy and girl, they first took an interest in each other, continues with Mary waiting while Robert studied at West Point, then tells of their marriage when Robert was a young lieutenant. You share their happy life with their children at Arlington, their struggles during the heartbreaking Civil War years, and finally their gallant facing of the evening of their life, happy in each other.

THE END

Stand Up for Your Figure

(Continued from page 31)

that it's easy and natural for you to "stand pretty." But don't forget that posture, good or bad, is with you everywhere—at all times. So keep this picture of yourself in mind wherever you go.

If your mirror says you must own up to any of the faults listed in the left-hand column, if the side view of your figure reveals that your standing position could be better—then here's a good way to get yourself in line. Place the mirror in such a position that you can stand a foot away from a wall, your back toward this wall, and still get a side view of yourself. Now take your position near the wall, heels about twelve inches from it. Lean back, bending your knees slightly until your buttocks touch the wall. Slowly uncurl your spine, trying to touch the wall all the way up to the last vertebra at the neck, letting your head touch last. Now straighten up away from the wall, keeping as well as you can the same alignment of head, shoulders, and hips. Look at the side view of yourself.

Now you really *should* fit into the pattern outlined at the right. If you find that you still must own up to some of the posture faults listed at the left, or that it's a strain to keep yourself in line for more than a brief moment without the wall to back you up, it will take more than firm resolve to attain the good posture you desire. It means you need firmer muscles to put good posture on a permanent basis. The exercises which follow will give your posture and your figure a build-up. Each is designed to correct one or more of the posture faults listed in the left-hand column.

"Straight from the Shoulder" will help you out with Number 2 or 3. If Number 4 is your problem, you need the "Tummy Tightener." If you've owned up to Number 5, do the "Back Bracer." Do them all if you have time and if your posture is far from perfect. You'll look better and feel better, and *be* better at everything you do. Be sure to get your doctor's permission before you start, and make a firm resolve to do your exercises every day. Don't try to outdo yourself at the start by doing the exercises more than the prescribed number of times. You may be rewarded with aches and pains.

And, speaking of pains, you can't have good posture if your feet hurt. Wear comfortable shoes for standing and walking. To strengthen your arches and give your posture a firm foundation, practice picking up marbles with your toes.

BACK BRACER

1. Lie on the floor on your stomach, arms in comfortable position, legs out straight.
2. Squeeze the buttock muscles together as tightly as possible.
3. Relax.
4. Repeat five times. Rest. Do ten to fifteen times in all.

TUMMY TIGHTENER

1. Lie on your back, arms at the sides, knees bent, feet flat on floor.
2. Raise arms over head, at the same time lifting up hips and pulling in the abdominal muscles as hard as you can.
3. Lower arms and hips to original position.
4. Do this five times. Relax. Repeat five times.



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*externally-caused blemishes!**

● Facial blemishes are such a nuisance! They're embarrassing—cause you to miss dates—spoil your fun.

Certain kinds are from internal causes—strictly a problem for your doctor. But many girls suffer from blemishes caused by outside dust and dirt. Here's a marvelous new routine actually developed by a doctor to help with this annoying skin problem.

Here's All You Do

1. Morning—Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth "cream-wash with Noxzema"—just as you would with soap. Note how *really* clean your face *looks and feels*.

After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema.

2. Evening—Again "creamwash with medicated Noxzema." Wash away the day's accumulation of dirt and grime!

Now massage dainty, *greaseless* Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them.

There's the doctor's simple beauty routine. And it really works! In fact, 181 young women tried this new beauty aid in a carefully supervised

test. Each had something wrong with her skin—blemishes, roughness, dryness, etc. Each used Noxzema, followed the doctor's new beauty routine.

Amazing Results

After one week, the majority showed remarkable improvement. After two weeks, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin.



Gorgeous Pat Barnard always looks 'just right.' "Noxzema is part of my regular daily beauty routine," says Pat. "And it certainly has helped improve my complexion."



"Our doctor recommended Noxzema for adolescent blemishes," says Virginia Hiestand. "Now that I'm grown up, I still use it to help keep my skin looking clear and unblemished."

Special Trial Offer: To make "New Friends" Noxzema offers you for a limited time the regular 40¢ size for only 29¢ plus tax. It's your chance to save money and see what Noxzema can do for *your* skin! Get your jar at any drug or cosmetic counter today!



Mom's Night Off!

Here's an easy-to-make dinner... **VEAL 'N VEGETABLE CASSEROLE** ...to establish your reputation as a good cook!



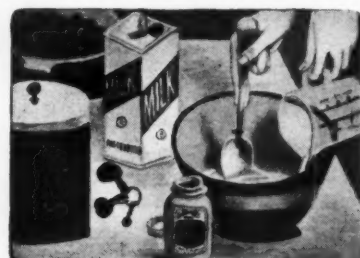
1. Buy 1 lb. veal and have butcher cut it into 1-inch cubes. Using 2 tbs. Nucoa margarine, brown meat in a frying pan.



2. Put in casserole. Add small can mushroom stems, drained, 2 cubes chicken bouillon, 1 can condensed vegetable soup.



3. Season with $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, and a few dashes of pepper. Mix all ingredients thoroughly with a spoon.



4. Blend $\frac{1}{4}$ c. *Real* Mayonnaise and 1 tbs. flour in a mixing bowl. Gradually stir in 1 c. milk. Add to casserole, and mix again.



5. Cover, bake in 350° oven 30-40 minutes. Serve with salad, baked potatoes or heated rolls, and a beverage. (Serves 6.)



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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

1. Stand facing wall, about three feet away.
2. Place hands on wall at shoulder height, fingers pointing toward each other. Have arms straight.
3. Keeping back straight and head erect, bend elbows slowly until chest almost touches wall. Do not hollow lower back.
4. Using resistance and keeping the back straight, slowly push back from wall to original position.
5. Do this five times. Rest. Repeat five more times.

Doing these exercises regularly will get your muscles in condition so that you can have good posture. But you will lose most of their beneficial effects if you don't keep your body in line wherever you go, standing, sitting, and walking.

IMPORTANT as it is to stand correctly, you probably spend many more of your waking hours sitting than you do standing. Are you sitting pretty? There are three common sitting faults:

1. Sitting on the edge of the chair, then slumping back, middle caved in, chest flat, with only the shoulders touching the chair back.
2. Bending forward, back curved.
3. Perching at the edge of the chair, back and shoulders tense.

You'll get no real rest from sitting in any of these positions. Some muscles will be strained, others will be sagging. And the penalty for bad sitting is that it tends to make you broad in the beam because those sagging muscles spread.

When you are sitting properly, you're all the way back on the chair seat; your body is upright but relaxed; hips, shoulders, and head are in line—just as when you stand correctly. And your weight is resting firmly on your "sitting bones"—those two knobs at the end of your pelvis. Try it, and you'll see that it's really restful.

Walking is just posture in motion, so the way that you walk is another thing you'll want to check up on.

Look around you and you'll probably soon see some of these common walking faults. Maybe you'll have to own up to some of them yourself:

1. Striding along, head thrust forward, hips out behind.
2. Toeing out, so that the body waddles slightly from side to side.
3. "Pounding the pavement" with knees and ankles stiff.
4. Walking with legs a bit too far apart.

The right walk is a free and easy one—toes pointed forward, legs slightly ahead of the body and moving close together, knees limber, body in easy balance—with head, shoulders, and hips in line.

The next time you pass a plate-glass window, look at yourself and see if you make the grade.

Do keep that full-length mirror on hand, and check your progress now and then in standing, sitting, and walking. Seeing yourself as others see you gives you the best possible reason for developing a posture of which you may be justly proud.

THE END

The exercises in this article are from "Your Aches—What to Do About Them" by Dorothy Nye, published by Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Your Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 24)

constantly until thick. Remove from flame; add tuna broken into small pieces, and grated onion. Pour into potato-lined pie plate. Combine bread crumbs with melted butter and sprinkle over top. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until crust is brown, about 20 minutes.

Sent by

SHEILA ARNOFF, University Heights, Ohio

SHRIMP CLUB SANDWICH

You probably never thought of making a hot club sandwich with shrimp. Here's hearty fare for an evening party—a good luncheon or supper dish.

2 cups shrimp, fresh, frozen, or canned	12 slices toast
2 cups medium white sauce	12 tablespoons grated sharp cheese (¾ cup) 6 slices tomato

Add shrimps to hot white sauce (made with 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, and a few grains of black pepper). Pour 1/6 of the mixture over 1 slice of toast, cover with second slice of toast, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons cheese and top with a slice of tomato. Repeat with other 5 sandwiches. Place under broiler until cheese is melted and tomato is slightly browned. Serve at once. Makes 6 hearty sandwiches.

Sent by

JEAN WILLIAMS, Kingsville, Texas

SOUTHERN CRAB CAKES

This is a typical southern sea-food dish. Nice for a very special luncheon.

1 pound crabmeat, fresh, frozen, or canned	2 teaspoons worcester- shire sauce
1½ teaspoons salt	2 teaspoons mayon- naise
1 teaspoon white pepper	1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon dry mustard	Flour
1 egg yolk	1 beaten egg Bread crumbs

Shred crabmeat, and combine with salt, pepper, mustard, worcestershire sauce, egg yolk, mayonnaise, and parsley; mix well. Shape into eight small cakes. Dip each cake in flour, then in beaten egg, and finally in bread crumbs. Fry in a hot, greased skillet until brown. Serves 4-6.

Sent by

SUE OLIPHANT, Taylor, Mississippi

SPANISH SEA FOOD AND RICE

A fairly expensive but very good dish. If you want to stretch it, use 1 cup uncooked rice and the recipe will serve 6.

4 tablespoons butter or margarine	½ cup crabmeat, fresh, frozen, or canned
1 onion, sliced	1 cup shrimp, fresh, frozen, or canned
1 clove garlic, minced	1 ½ cups tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt	½ cup uncooked rice
½ teaspoon pepper	1¼ cups boiling water

Drop rice in boiling water; cover, cook slowly 20-25 minutes till water is absorbed and rice is tender. Meanwhile melt butter in large skillet. Cook onion and garlic in the butter, over a medium flame, until golden brown. Add sea food and seasonings; cook slowly for about 10 minutes. Add

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SALAD—Use canned orange-and-grapefruit juice as both the cold and hot liquid. Decorate with fruit.

DESSERT—Use water as the cold liquid and applesauce (flavored with lemon juice and cinnamon) as the hot liquid.

MAIN DISH—Use prepared cream of asparagus soup as both the cold and hot liquid. If desired, add diced cheese.



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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH—This is a war story of absorbing interest, full of suspense and thrills. It's a different sort of story, with no romantic angles, about a flying force stationed in England during the early days of World War II. Gregory Peck heads the large, well-chosen cast. Excellent performances also are given by Hugh Marlowe and Robert Arthur, Millard Mitchell, Paul Stewart, and Dean Jagger.

CINDERELLA—Walt Disney spent more than six years in making the film story of this treasured fairy tale. It is the first picture he has made in which romance is the central theme. Cinderella and the handsome prince, the fairy godmother, the wicked stepmother and the jealous stepsisters are all here, plus a collection of new Disney animals which are sure to delight practically everyone—old or young.



THE PALOMINO—This Technicolor Western stars two very young actors, and a beautiful palomino. Beverly Tyler is the orphaned heiress who owns the prize-winning stallion, El Rey, and the young cattle buyer who comes to her assistance is played by Jerome Courtland. Roy Roberts is her false friend, and Joseph Calleia the warmhearted, lovable ranch hand who helps out these two young people.

FATHER IS A BACHELOR—Charles Winninger and William Holden play two medicine-show fakers, plying their trade along the Ohio River in the old steamboat days. When Winninger goes to jail, Holden finds himself with five orphans on his hands—four boys and a girl. What follows makes a delightful story. Coleen Gray is the heroine; Mary Jane Saunders and Cary Gray add to the fun.



by CAROL CRANE

tomatoes; simmer 5 minutes. Add cooked rice. Serve piping hot. Serves 4.

Sent by

ELLEN HORNE, Far Rockaway, New York

SHRIMP-FOUNDER ROLLS

Little surprise packages—rosy shrimp discovered hiding in the rolled-up fillets. Ocean perch fillets may be used in place of flounder, if you wish.

6 flounder fillets	2 tablespoons minced parsley
Salt and pepper to taste	1 pound shrimp, shelled, cleaned, and cooked
1 tablespoon mayonnaise	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ can tomatoes
1 teaspoon prepared mustard	6 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
2 tablespoons softened butter	$\frac{2}{3}$ cup bread crumbs

Cut each fillet in half, lengthwise; rub with salt and pepper. Cream together mayonnaise, mustard, butter, parsley; spread mixture over fillets. Place 2 shrimp on each fillet, then roll up like small jelly rolls, with shrimp inside. Fasten with toothpicks. Arrange rolls in buttered, shallow baking dish, placing remaining shrimp around fillets. Pour tomatoes over all. Mix melted butter with bread crumbs and sprinkle over flounder rolls. Cover dish and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until mixture starts to steam. Remove cover and bake 25 minutes longer. Serves 6.

Sent by

VALEDA CHASE, Plattsburg, New York

BAKED HALIBUT, SWEDISH STYLE

A new and tasty way of serving halibut. This is a fairly inexpensive dish.

1 pound slice of halibut	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup canned tomatoes
Salt and pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon powdered sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ onion
	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup cream

Wipe halibut and remove skin. Place in greased baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brush with melted butter. Drain tomatoes and add sugar. Spread over fish, then cover with onion, thinly sliced. Bake 20 minutes in moderately hot oven (375° F.); pour cream over and bake 10 minutes longer. Serve the fish at once, from dish in which it was cooked. Serves 4.

Sent by

CAROLE CAGGLANO, Miami, Florida

QUICK SALMON CHOWDER

Tuna fish, cooked halibut, haddock, canned minced clams, or any other fish mild in flavor may be used in place of the salmon. A hearty main-dish soup.

2 tablespoons butter or bacon drippings	1 cup celery, chopped
2 medium-sized onions, chopped	Salt and pepper to taste
2 cups boiling water	4 cups milk
2 cups potatoes, diced	1 pound can salmon

Heat butter or drippings in large saucepan. Add onions and brown lightly. Add water, potatoes, celery, and seasonings. Cover and cook until vegetables are tender. Add milk and heat thoroughly. Stir in flaked salmon and bring just to boiling point. Serve immediately. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by

MARIAN E. MCGUIRE, Cambridge, New York

THE END

MARCH, 1950



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- ☐ 4702—Bolero Suit
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- ☐ 4532—Dress with V Neck
 Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 4555—Dress with Buttons
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Subject: **OUTDOOR COOKERY**
 Date Due: **MARCH 20**

• The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the June issue must reach us by March 20.

• Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." For the June issue it is to be **OUTDOOR COOKERY**. Your recipe **MUST** be one that you have used successfully.

• JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

Here are the rules. Follow them carefully.

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper only.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

Trail Blazers

(Continued from page 11)

Lucretia has been called the most enlightened woman of her generation. In a day when women were expected to have no interests outside their homes, she played an active part in solving the great issues of her times. A devoted mother and homemaker, she found time also to be a public servant, and urged others to do the same.

The ideas Lucretia Mott advocated were part of her Nantucket heritage—a way of life that encouraged women to develop their full capacities. On the same island, in the year 1818, another Quaker girl was born, whose achievements would blaze further trails for women.

In the home of young Maria Mitchell there was also a spyglass, the most valued and cherished of all her father's possessions. But this telescope stood on a tripod and was trained on the stars.

It was fortunate that on February 12, 1831, a northwest wind swept clear the skies over Nantucket. The long-awaited day of the sun's total eclipse had come. During the brief passage of the moon's shadow across the earth, William Mitchell, the island's astronomer, was to make observations which would verify the exact latitude and longitude of his house on Vestal Lane, where the chronometers of the whaling fleets were brought to be "rated"—accurately adjusted to Greenwich time—after their long voyages.

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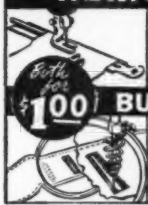
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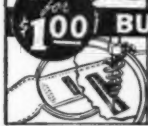
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Twelve-year-old Maria Mitchell had scarcely closed her eyes the night before. She had been chosen to be her father's assistant on this important day and was deeply excited. It would be her duty to time the duration of the eclipse by counting aloud the seconds between each sequence of the moon's passage across the face of the sun. Her father, at his telescope, would check his observations by her count. A total eclipse of the sun would not occur over Nantucket again for about three hundred years. Maria knew an accurate report of the event was important to astronomy.

Inside the parlor of the Mitchell house her father had removed one of the windows, and set up his telescope in its place. The frosty winter air poured into the room, chilling them both. Outdoors the townsfolk were gathered in the lane, peering up at the sun through pieces of smoked glass. William Mitchell's eyes already were glued to his instruments. Maria, alert and surprisingly calm, waited his signal.

"Now—" breathed her father, and the little girl began counting the seconds in a clear, steady voice.

"One, two, three, four—"

The crowd in Vestal Lane fell silent as a faint black shadow, no bigger than a pencil mark, appeared on the edge of the sun. It widened slowly. While Maria counted, she was conscious of an unearthly twilight creeping into the room. From the harbor, the sharp crying of the gulls ceased abruptly. The snowy landscape outside turned faintly violet under the darkening sky. Stars appeared in the heavens. A hush descended on the island. Maria went on counting.

Suddenly a murmur arose from the watchers. The sun's fiery corona blazed out from behind the black disk of the moon. But Maria did not lift her eyes from the chronometer, which ticked out the seconds she counted. The eerie gloom in the room lightened more and more. A sparrow chirped. Then a dog barked. The people outside began to talk in normal tones again.

"That did well, Maria." Her father laid an approving hand on her dark, curly head. Maria's back ached with the long minutes of tense sitting, but she was happier than she had ever been in her life.

THERE is an old saying that Nantucket children were taught to "box the compass" before they learned their catechism. They drank in the first principles of navigation from hearing their elders talk on the wharves; navigation filled the salty gossip of old mariners on every street corner and enthralled them at their own firesides. William Mitchell's youngsters knew the names of the constellations and planets almost as soon as they knew their ABC's, and all of them could use a sextant. Maria's father, though self-taught, was well known to the astronomers of his day. Instruments were loaned to him by the government in return for the data he supplied, and his home was an officially recognized observing station.

When Maria began to study astronomy seriously there were no special schools, but a girl living and working with William Mitchell hardly needed one. At seventeen Maria was already deep in Bridge's "Conic Sections," Hutton's "Mathematics," and Bowditch's "Navigator."

Nantucket whaling captains were returning from Arctic seas with wealth in their holds at this period, but a land-bound astronomer was not so fortunate. William

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THE FINEST IN CHILDREN'S AND TEENS' HANDBAGS



ROGERS CITY, MICHIGAN: I enjoyed your *Ski Etiquette* very much. We ski at the golf course here as there is no other place. The rules will help out a lot because there is always a bunch of kids out there.
MARYSUE SCHRIBER

STRAWN, TEXAS: I'm writing not only to thank you for a swell magazine but for a special favor you did for me. I live in a small town and we didn't have a Girl Scout organization here. After reading so much about Girl Scouts in your magazine I became interested and when a Girl Scout troop recently was started, I was one of the first to join. I've had loads of fun since, thanks to you. ERMA JEAN SMITH

FRAZER, MONTANA: I have for some time wanted to express my opinion of your magazine, *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Though I am a boy and your magazine is more or less just for girls, I like every bit of it, especially *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I think it's a wonderful way to express your likes and dislikes of the magazine. I think more boys should read it—the stories at least.

Thanks to Betty Willsoth for encouraging me to write in.

MARVIN DILBECK (age 17)

LANSING, MICHIGAN: I especially liked *Susan Steps Out*. I also like the exchange of recipes. I think it's a wonderful idea.

I would like to see some party games, though.

JUDY KING (age 13)

NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS: I especially liked *Garnet Lodge* and am looking forward to reading the conclusion. I wish you would have more articles on swimming, for it is my favorite sport. *Your Own Recipe Exchange* helps me a lot when it comes to preparing a meal or a party. The articles *You Asked About Your Hair* and *Good Figuring* surely did help me a lot. JANE ADAMS (age 12)

BETHEL, MAINE: *Susan Steps Out* and *One Third of the Class* were just wonderful. *Garnet Lodge* is really getting exciting and I can hardly wait for my February issue.

Your January cover was one of the best you have had for ages. Thanks for a wonderful magazine. CLARA FOSTER (age 14)

KILLEN, ALABAMA: I liked the article *Could This be You?* because I have some of the same habits. I really enjoy reading *Garnet Lodge*. Your covers are all good. I also read *Turntable Tips* and like it. I think your patterns are simply adorable.

JOY ANN MILLER (age 13)

STILSON, GEORGIA: I don't think you have ever had any better stories than *One Third of the Class* and *Susan Steps Out*. The January issue was swell!

CAROLYN MARTIN (age 15)

WASHINGTON, D. C.: I think *Teen Shop Talk* is swell and your fashions help me a lot.

I especially like *THE AMERICAN GIRL* covers.

HELEN LAMBERTON (age 12)

MEDELLIN, COLOMBIA: Most Americans haven't the slightest idea what Colombians do to celebrate Christmas, since it's just the opposite from the quiet, white Christmases they have.

Here the festivities begin around December 1, and end about January 6. We are in the midst of a hot, dry season, and we have hardly a night of peace!

Firecrackers, hot-air balloons, Roman candles, and all sorts of decorations provide a sizzle, crackle—boom! This continues way past midnight.

I enjoy your magazine a lot. My only complaint is that you haven't enough articles about doctors. Could you have one on how to become a doctor? How many years of study and all that?

DOROTHY CLARK (age 12)

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE: I really enjoyed *Ski Etiquette* and *Stepping Out in Business*. *Good Figuring* helped me out a lot because I am plump and need to know what things are flattering.

A Penny for Your Thoughts is tops with me because you are such good sports in printing what the readers think about the magazine, good or bad.

Speaking of Movies and your book reviews are wonderful, too.

PATTY RIPPY (age 11)

MUSSELBURGH, SCOTLAND: I am a teen-ager in Scotland as you can see by my address and I have just gotten two of your magazines and think your fashions and stories are super.

I have a job as kennel-girl in this town and live with the vet and his wife. I am a keen rider and am hoping to pass the B. H. S. exam some time soon. The British Horse Society is judged by military authority.

I make all my own clothes and so am interested in your fashion features. I love your menu ideas, for I do my own cooking.

RITA SCHÄFER

CLEVELAND, OHIO: Your book section to me is divine. I have gotten two books mentioned there. Don't ever stop that section.

JUDY BRANDWAN (age 11)

ROSEVILLE, MICHIGAN: I thought Joan Rogers' *Lazy-Daisy Cake* and *Lazy-Daisy Icing* were just super.

I think all of your patterns are just keen and *Fabrics for Your Figure* has come in handy, as I am just a little bit on the thin side.

MARILYN SHIPLEY (age 14)

CRESSONA, PENNSYLVANIA: I like your *Recipe Exchange* very much and I hope to use some of those luscious-sounding recipes. *Good Figuring* was exceptionally helpful to me, because I was a little bit underweight. I hope Mitzi Asai fares out well, and I think she will.

MARY MARGARET NAGLE (age 11)

HOLBROOK, NEW YORK: I enjoyed the article *Stepping Out in Business*. For one reason, it was interesting because when I finish school I would like to take up clerical work of some kind, and another is that it had plenty of information anybody would be interested in.

CATHY KOLLMANN (age 14)

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: I especially enjoyed *Susan Steps Out* in your January issue. *Recipe Exchange* is very good and I have found many recipes I am hoping to try out.

RHODA GOLDSTEIN (age 12)

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA: I enjoyed the story *One Third of the Class* very much and *Garnet Lodge* is certainly holding me in suspense. *Stepping Out in Business* was very interesting, since I plan on being a secretary some time.

LOIS THORNTON (age 13)

BENZONIA, MICHIGAN: I think *Ski Etiquette* and *Good Figuring* were the best articles you have printed for a long time.

Prize Purchase is swell. I wish you would have some jumper patterns as well as dress patterns.

JULIE ANN RICE (age 14)

TARENTUM, PENNSYLVANIA: I liked the article *You Can Paint* because I think it will convince girls they can paint, if they try. Your patterns are cute and I like them very much.

MARSHA ANNE LENTZ (age 11)

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA: We have read and enjoyed your magazine so much that we have organized a club in your honor. We think your stories and articles are swell, although some of your jokes are rather corny. We think your patterns are super and easy to make, so we are planning to order some to try.

BARBARA SMITH

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

Mitchell was a poor man with a family of ten children, and Maria began to earn as soon as possible, opening a school of her own. After a while she was offered the post of librarian in the town library, which she held for twenty years.

As custodian of Nantucket's books, Maria guided the reading of the island's young people. But it was the boys who found her knowledge of the stars most fascinating. Home from a whaling voyage, they would rush to the library to tell her of some new navigating skill they had recently acquired. The lad who could boast of having taken his first lunar sight was sure of her interest.

MARIA never married—perhaps because she cared for nothing in the world quite so much as her beloved stars. She was as plain as she was forthright, but she had the wide, clear eyes of the stargazer, and glowing kindness and humor. Her frankness offended some people, but a young woman who walked every night among the constellations was naturally impatient with petty qualities. The harmony and precision of the universe was her measuring rod.

When she was twenty-nine, fame came to her suddenly. On the evening of October 1, 1847, guests were being entertained in the Mitchell home. It was part of Maria's routine to scan the skies every night with her telescope. This evening she slipped out of the parlor to the roof, as usual, only to reappear a few minutes later, pale and breathless.

"I think—I am pretty sure—I have seen a comet," she whispered to her father.

Mr. Mitchell hurried after her and confirmed her discovery. Comets travel an orbit and are visible for several days. This one was sighted by successive observers in Europe, but because Maria had seen it first, the medal promised by the king of Denmark to the next discoverer of a telescopic comet went to her.

Recognition and honors were showered on Maria, now the leading woman astronomer in America. She was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and to the American Association for the Advancement of Science—unique honors for a woman in those days. She was engaged to make astronomical calculations for the American Nautical Almanac and the United States Coastal Survey; later she was asked to take the Chair of Astronomy at Vassar College and to be the director of the Observatory there.

At Vassar she taught girls what it meant to serve a difficult and exacting science. She was kindly and she was much loved, but students either had to measure up to her standards of patient, devoted effort—the rule by which she herself had arrived—or leave her classes. Though few became astronomers, all found that to study under Maria Mitchell was to receive an invaluable training in the discipline of work and to share the riches of her heart and mind.

Maria was all her life an enthusiastic feminist, serving for a number of years as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Women. She encouraged her girl students to throw off the narrow conventions which hedged women in those days; to think and act for themselves; to live bravely.

She left Nantucket forever when she went to Vassar, but like her fellow islander Lucretia Mott, Maria Mitchell carried with her to the mainland Nantucket's tradition of independent, able womanhood. THE END

TRUE OR FALSE?



Smart girls don't get wet feet on "those days"!

TRUE. It's especially important not to get chilled at "those times"—so watch out for rainy, windy March weather. (If you should get caught in a shower, peel off those damp clothes quick as you can!)

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"Women of Tomorrow"—five hundred strong—walk proudly along behind massed flags, smiling and full of confidence for the future

THE WORLD première of a new film, "Women of Tomorrow," will be held in New Bedford, Massachusetts, on March tenth, and on that day the Girl Scouts will be the glamour girls of the town. Why is this world première being held in New Bedford, and what have the Girl Scouts got to do with it? Just this. "Women of Tomorrow" is a nineteen-minute color film telling the story of Girl Scouting. New Bedford is the location for a good part of the film, and last August the New Bedford Girl Scouts helped to make it.

These lucky Scouts found glamour aplenty in the shooting of the film. They also discovered that movie-making is not all thrills. They know now that it takes careful—ever so careful—planning, down to the smallest detail; hard work, and patience, and more patience. They got up at six o'clock every morning and worked long hours in the sun, playing their scenes over and over until everything was perfect.

But, they did have the thrill of working with a Hollywood director, Academy Award winner George L. George. And they had seen producer Carl Dudley (it would have been hard to miss seeing his big, impressive, six-foot-three-inch figure) as he wandered over Cape Cod, choosing locations as he went. They had come to know Ed Olsen, veteran cameraman, who thinks skiing is the second most important thing in the world (movies, of course, are the first). They had chatted with Ned Buddy who could talk of newsreels all over the map.

Because they had this opportunity to work with famous Hollywood people and because they were making a movie that would be shown all over the country, the Girl Scouts who helped with the project were envied by all the girls in the community during that week in August when the film was being shot. And, of course, they'll be in the limelight again on the day of the home-town première.

Work on this color-film short began early in the summer at the Girl Scout National Headquarters. There was a lot to be done—headwork, legwork, handwork—before the actual shooting of the film could start. The script had to be written, assistance of the New Bedford Girl Scout Council arranged for, and a supply of uniforms obtained. A shooting schedule had to be set up, the cast chosen, tentative locations selected, and all the properties collected. Finally, on Monday morning, August twenty-second, the shooting began.

It was a bright and sunny day. During the eventful week that followed, the Girl Scouts of New Bedford learned that "a bright and sunny day" is just as vital as the camera in

"Women of Tomorrow"

by BETTY MUESSEN



Little Gale Foster patiently gives the Brownie salute—over and over again

shooting a color movie. The Brownies arrived promptly at the first location in suburban Mattapoisett. The site chosen was the back yard of the Commissioner of the New Bedford Council, and the lawn had been sprayed with green paint to make it look more like fresh spring grass. (It hadn't rained all summer, if you remember, and all the grass was burned and brown.) Here the Brownies acted out the scenes with which the movie begins. Little Gale Foster, eight-year-old Brownie from Mattapoisett, was the first to find out that all is not glamour in the movies. She stood patiently, her fingers raised in the Brownie salute, reciting the Brownie Promise over and over. But Gale and the other Brownies were real troupers and kept at it until the scene was perfect.

Well, that was done! But no! Mr. George was calling them

Mariner Scouts, their uniforms gleaming in the sunlight, take their places aboard the *Avanti* for sequences in the movie



back to their places. They had to do a "safety take." Each scene had to be shot perfectly twice in order to be sure that nothing had slipped by unnoticed. So they took their places and patiently repeated the action until once again it was perfect.

All that morning and part of the afternoon the Brownies worked, with regular rest periods, of course. The shooting went faster than had been expected, so some of the Girl Scouts were asked to come over and stand by. They were waiting patiently for the Brownie sequences to be completed when suddenly all work stopped. The sun had gone behind a cloud, and the photographer's light meter showed that there wasn't enough light. Fortunately, the sun blazed forth again in a few minutes.

Finally, the Girl Scouts standing by were called. Theirs was the scene explaining Girl Scout proficiency badges. The camera focused on the sleeve of a uniform to take a close-up of the badges. Getting this shot right sounded easy enough, but the trick was for the girl to hold her arm steady for as long as a minute. Even the tiniest movement would show up. Finally the problem was solved—with a broom! The Scout being filmed held the broom handle parallel to the ground. Members of the camera crew stood at either end of the broom (they can't be seen in the movie) and pushed down hard. The Scout pulled up, and her arm was steady.

So ended the first day. On Tuesday more Girl Scouts were called for a troop-meeting scene and for other sequences in the public park and at the county courthouse.

THE MARINER scenes were scheduled to be shot Wednesday aboard the *Acanti*, lent for the occasion by the Walter N. Rothschilds. At this moment, a hurricane was moving up the coast from Florida. Storm warnings had been posted as far north as Cape Hatteras. Would the sun be out? Yes, the day dawned bright and clear. Down to the yacht club the Mariners went, their uniforms gleaming in the sunlight, and the shooting began. Over and over the Mariners marched down to the dock, boarded a dinghy and pulled away toward deep water. Then the scene moved to the *Acanti* anchored in the bay, and the Mariners manned the gray-and-red craft for the camera. After that, they went for an hour's sail around the bay with the skipper, Captain Olaf Rasmussen.

During the afternoon, scenes showing hospital aides were shot at St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford. There the Scouts learned another trick of shooting with color film. The aprons they wore had been dyed a silver gray.

Photographer Ed Olsen had said, "Pure white will photograph fuzzy. Make 'em gray, and they'll look white in the picture."

Thursday was a big day. Five hundred Girl Scouts were to come to the New Bedford Country Club for the final scene of the film. This would show the "Women of Tomorrow" walking proudly along behind massed flags, smiling and full of confidence.

Marshaling five hundred Girl Scouts into perfect—but not too perfect—order, checking their uniforms, getting them to walk in time to the music, and explaining to them exactly what had to be done was a gigantic task. But the New Bedford Girl Scouts and their leaders came through with flying colors. A sound truck was used for broad-

(Continued on page 46)

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The complete uniform is sold at your local equipment agency, or order by mail from Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.—National Equipment Service.

Photograph by William Leftwich



Mariner Girl Scouts man a booth at the Fortieth Annual Motor Boat Show in New York City

• A birds' tree-trimming party is one of the big events of the Scout year for the Hamilton Area Girl Scout Council, Hamilton, Ohio. Last December's party was attended by a large number of Brownie Scouts and adults. Members of the Izaak Walton League—a national organization to promote conservation and preservation of wild life—co-operated with the council, and these men helped to make the occasion a gala one. The affair was held in a near-by wooded park where there are five shelters, so the Brownie troops worked and played in five groups for most of the afternoon. Every group had its own small bonfire, and there was a large central bonfire too—all under the men's supervision. Members of the League furnished wood for the fires, made the feeding trays, took moving pictures of the various activities. The party lasted from one thirty until three thirty in the afternoon. At each shelter the Brownies trimmed trees with popcorn, suet, cracked corn, or cranberries for the birds' Christmas, and filled the feeding trays. A member of the League explained to each group the use of the feeders and the winter habits of the birds; Brownie games were played, and hot chocolate and cookies were served. At three o'clock the entire group gathered around the huge main bonfire and Brownie songs and Christmas carols were sung. Earlier in the afternoon each Brownie had gathered a twig, and at the close of the party the group sang "Good Night, Brownies" as each girl tossed her twig into the flames and made a wish for the new year. The feeding trays were presented to the Girl Scout office later, and it is planned to have troops undertake the project of placing them in a suitable place and keeping them filled during the winter months. The total cost of the party to the Program Committee was less than fifteen dollars. Twenty gallons of milk were donated by a Hamilton dairy; wood for the feeders was given by a lumber company; grain and fuel were contributed by the Izaak Walton League, and each troop made its own "trimmings" for the trees.

• Trim and shipshape in their smart uniforms, a proud group of Mariner Scouts and Sea Scouts piped visitors aboard on the opening night of the Fortieth Annual Motor Boat Show in New York City, on January 6. During the week that the show was on, more than two hundred Mariners from New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania took part in it, and four Mariner Scouts were asked to serve on the show's national committee. The girls manned the Mariner Scout booth every afternoon and evening from four until eleven, and served also as messengers at the information booths and at the forum discussions. Each girl, however, was allowed enough free time to see the entire show. The

Mariner Scout booth, which was manned by Mariner leaders during school hours, was given to the girls by the National Motor Boat Show Committee, and all expenses in connection with it were covered by donations from adults interested in the promotion of the Girl Scout Mariner program. At the booth, the girls demonstrated various nautical skills, and told visitors not only about the Mariner program, but also about other Girl Scout program activities. Their participation in this show has aroused much interest in nautical circles in the Girl Scout Mariner program. Members of the U. S. Power Squadron have offered to help as program consultants in various communities, and many Mariner troops have received invitations to visit Sea Scout Ships.

• The formation of the Lane County Humane Society in the summer of 1949 saw a long-cherished dream come true for the girls of Troop 68 in Springfield, Oregon. Nearly three years before, when some of them wanted to earn the Dog and Cat badge, they had discovered that there was no active Humane Society in their



Photograph by Joe Linder

Brownie Scouts of Hamilton, Ohio, each put a handful of grain on a feeding tray for the birds at their tree-trimming party

area. Deciding to do something about it, they arranged for a representative of the State society to show a colored movie at their school, and at an evening meeting, conducted by their leader, which was attended by various community organizations. They publicized the need for a local Humane Society through essays in their troop newspaper, a census of pets in their neighborhoods, and an interview over a local radio station during National Dog Week. They obtained permission to use an auditorium in the high school, and invited all the Girl Scouts in the district to attend a meeting at which a talk on the care of dogs, followed by a question-and-answer period, was given by a veterinarian. Their hard work finally was rewarded when the local Humane Society was organized with a forty-acre tract of land at its disposal, containing kennel space for ninety dogs, and a caretaker's home. Then Troop 68 volunteered to help with the Society's educational

program in the schools, presenting some phase of humane education to the first six grades of the Springfield schools. Now they are working to form Bands of Mercy—a Junior Humane Society—and have interested a number of troops in other districts to help in this project.

• A mounted troop of eleven Girl Scouts from Colorado Springs served as messengers on horseback when they joined with other Girl Scouts of the community in delivering the posters in the annual Christmas Seal drive just before the holidays. This troop was organized last fall, and is made up of girls in the seventh and eighth grades at Cheyenne Mountain School, ranging in age from eleven to fourteen. The girls have now acquired outfits of blue-jean trousers and jackets; a red horse trotting in a felt circle decorates the backs of the jackets. They first wore the uniforms at the Girl Scout Outdoor Day in November, when the troop performed a quadrille on horseback as their part of the program. The Girl Scouts of Colorado Springs also have taken up with great enthusiasm the "Schoolmates Overseas" project. In the first troop to fill and send off their schoolbags, the girls bought the material for the bags from funds earned by selling Quaint-Shop Christmas cards. All troops have shown such wholehearted interest in this project that the Council hopes to meet the quota of two bags from each troop by March 12, the Girl Scout Birthday, for which they are planning a big celebration.

• Belvidere, Illinois, Brownie and Girl Scouts are giving a fine demonstration of community service in the project which they have undertaken recently. The girls decided to make tray favors for the patients in local hospitals, rest homes, and old-age homes, for the holidays or other occasions for special celebration. Leaders of each of the ten troops then chose the holiday for which they wished their troop to make favors, and the work is to be done at the regular weekly troop meetings. Members of Troop 9, for instance, made colorful candles and silver-star holders, and two days before Christmas small groups of girls visited the various hospitals and homes to present their gay bits of Christmas cheer. The project has aroused a great deal of interest in the Girl Scout program, and has received a great deal of favorable comment in the community.

THE END

Over the Map



These are just a few of the many girls who were thrilled by a special Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy show for Boy and Girl Scouts in Houston, Texas



The first schoolbags completed in Colorado Springs, Colorado, for "Schoolmates Overseas" are packed by two Girl Scouts

Headline News in Girl Scouting



Another group of Girl Scouts from Colorado Springs. Members of a mounted troop help to deliver Christmas Seal posters

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"Women of Tomorrow" (Continued from page 43)

casting the instructions. With the help of their leaders, the girls checked one another's uniforms and reminded one another not to look straight into the cameras. The scene and all its safety takes were completed in a record-breaking three hours, and the hardest part of the movie was finished with no hitches.

A few scenes showing the Senior Wing Scout program and some close-ups of Gale Foster for the Brownie sequences were shot on Friday. With these, the New Bedford Girl Scouts completed their first movie.

The girls were amazed and delighted at the willingness of their fellow townsmen to assist with the project. The local department store had helped in securing proper uniforms for everyone; families and friends of the Girl Scouts had painted signs, offered their back yards and homes for locations, made coffee for the production crews, sewed badges on uniforms, and chauffeured the

girls from place to place. At the mayor's order, slides and swings in the playground had been painted yellow for the color camera. Prominent citizens had taken time off to appear in the movie or to do some little service. The job was done not only by but also for the Girl Scouts.

When the New Bedford movie was finished, "Women of Tomorrow" was sent to Hollywood for developing, printing, and cutting. Its scenes were combined with scenes from two other Girl Scout color movies, "World Friendship" and "Camping for Girl Scouts." The sound track was added, and plans were made for distribution. After its world premiere in New Bedford on March tenth, "Women of Tomorrow" will be shown in theaters all over the United States. Then you, your family, and your friends will be able to see this bright, new movie which shows so well what it can mean to a girl to be a Girl Scout.

THE END

The Game of Science (Continued from page 15)

tonight's table. See if your guests or your family know why the "magic mothballs" dance up and down.

A GEYSER IN THE KITCHEN

Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming has nearly a hundred geysers, the most impressive array of these natural hot springs in the world. If you should visit Iceland or New Zealand you would see geyser regions also. But you don't have to leave home to see a geyser at work. Every morning you probably have a miniature geyser at work in your own kitchen—the coffee percolator.

To see how a geyser or coffee percolator works, borrow a kitchen funnel. Any kind will do, but one made of Pyrex glass is the best. Set the funnel mouth down in a saucepan and add water until the wide part of the funnel is just covered, leaving the straight tube sticking out of the water. If your funnel has no lip, rest one edge on a nail so that water can get under it. Place the pan on the stove, and watch the water as it heats.

Steam bubbles form first on the bottom of the pan. These bubbles expand as they rise until they reach the surface and break. Bubbles are forming under the funnel at the same time. As they rise they expand rapidly and push water ahead of them. The funnel confines this water so that it is forced up the tube and driven out at the top. Water then rushes into the empty funnel under the lip at the bottom, comes to a boil, and the process is repeated.

The geyser is a natural spring of water deep in the earth, with a chimneylike opening through the rock connecting it to the surface. The spring fills the chimney with water. Heat from the depths of the earth starts water boiling at the bottom of the chimney. As the steam rises, more water higher up in the chimney starts to boil until the upward pressure is great enough to drive all the water out of the chimney, and we say the geyser erupts. The spring now has to fill the chimney

again, and in geysers like "Old Faithful" this takes about the same length of time after each eruption. Your percolator takes only a fraction of a second between "perks" or eruptions; "Old Faithful" takes about an hour. Water in the percolator splashes over the coffee grounds for only an instant; "Old Faithful" blows off for five minutes. Most geysers erupt for a shorter period of time, but they all work like the coffeepot.

A WILD-FLOWER COLLECTION

Plants	Loose-leaf notebook
2 bread boards	paper
Several sheets of cardboard	Transparent mending tape
Hard-surfaced blotting paper	Labels
Paper toweling	Seeds of plants
Books	Transparent envelopes or cellophane and scotch tape
Straps and buckles	

An easy and interesting way to learn about wild flowers is to collect them. But flowers wilt rapidly and lose their color unless they are pressed and dried. When this is done, however, they can be kept indefinitely and will give pleasure for a long time.

A flower press is easy to make. The basis for it is two strong boards. Heavy plywood will do, but two bread boards are firmer and so will work better. The boards should be a little larger than the paper on which you plan to mount your specimens.

Cut several sheets of cardboard from a carton. These should be slightly smaller than the boards. Place a sheet of cardboard on the bottom board, and put on it a sheet of hard-surfaced blotting paper, which can be obtained at a stationery store.

Lacking this, two or three thicknesses of paper toweling may be used. Arrange the plant carefully in the position you will want it for your final mount. Cover it with more blotting paper and follow this with two sheets of cardboard. A second plant can now be set in the press in the same way until you have stacked up all the flowers you wish to press at this time.

Place the second board on top of the pack and apply pressure by piling heavy books on it; or use two straps and buckles, as shown in the diagram. You can open the press any time to examine your plants or to add more, but you must do this carefully.

Be sure that the specimens are entirely dry before removing them. Fragile flowers will dry out in four or five days. Heavier ones with fleshy parts, such as the daisy, will take longer.

When you have produced a dried-plant specimen, the next step is to mount it for a permanent collection. Use a good grade of loose-leaf notebook paper. Mount each plant on a single sheet, using transparent mending tape.

Each plant should be labeled with the common name, the family, the genus and the species, the surroundings in which the plant is commonly found, such as swamps, open fields, woods, and the like, and the date you obtained the plant. You may wish to include interesting or odd characteristics of the plant, such as its use, its method of attracting or repelling insects, its method of distributing seeds, and so on. All of this information can be put on a large gummed label pasted on the sheet.

DO NOT hesitate to prepare and mount specimens whose names you do not know. Half of the fun of a wild-flower collection is the thrill of chasing down information about a plant and cataloging it. Your school or town librarian will help you to select a guide to the wild flowers which will help in identifying your specimens. The biology teacher in your high school will help you, too.

You can keep your prepared specimens in a notebook at first, but as your collection grows you will want to keep them bound between stiff covers made like a scrapbook and held together with laces.

In the fall it is fun to collect seeds of the plant and mount them with the specimen. You may place them in small transparent envelopes, such as stamp collectors use, or you may place the seeds on the sheet and cover them with a square of cellophane held on with scotch tape.

A good deal of the value of your collection depends upon the wise selection of each plant. If possible, try to pick plants that show a whole flower and a bud. Always include two or three leaves that show the general shape of all the leaves. Remember that you are not trying to preserve the largest plant of each kind, but one that is perfect and represents all the others.

Many wild flowers are becoming extinct rapidly and should not be picked. A safe rule to go by is to pick only one specimen when the flowers are growing abundantly. If you see only a single flower, be sure not to pick it.

You can, of course, press garden flowers in the same way. And there are many fascinating facts to unearth about their history, culture, and habits of growth.

THE END

The experiments in this article are taken from the forthcoming book, "More Experiments in Science" by Nelson F. Beeler and Franklyn M. Branley, to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company in March. You will find in this book many other experiments in various fields of science, which are just as much fun and have as great an interest as these do.

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Jokes

REVERSE

MILLIE: What's white when it's dirty and black when it's clean?
NELLIE: I give up. What?
MILLIE: A blackboard.

Sent by JULIA LASKOWSKI, Jermyn, Pennsylvania

BAD AIM

DRUGGIST: Did you kill any moths with the moth balls I sold you?
HIRED MAN: No, I tried for over two hours and I didn't hit a one.

Sent by JOHN D. RATHER, Las Vegas, Nevada

PURR-COLATOR

Four-year-old Bobby was stroking his cat before the fire in perfect content. The cat, also happy, began to purr loudly. Bobby gazed at her for a while, then suddenly seized her and dragged her roughly away from the hearth. His mother said, "You must not hurt your kitty, Bobby."

"I know," said Bobby, "but I've got to get her away from the fire. She's beginning to boil."

Sent by GRACIE M. SOUKUP, Waco, Texas

CHALLENGE

"Shoe shine, mister?"
"No."
"Shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em."
"I said no."
"Coward!"

Sent by BONNIE JOYCE HUERNER, Wichita, Kansas

EAR-RING

All through the game, an excited fan had been yelling his home team to victory. Suddenly he became silent, turned to his companion and whispered, "I've lost my voice."

"Don't worry," was the reply, "You'll find it in my left ear."

Sent by KRISTIN KNUTSON, Chevy Chase, Maryland

DISAPPOINTMENT

Grandma had just come back from her first football game.

"How'd you like it, Grandma?" asked Junior.

"Terrible," she said. "They were all lined up and ready to play when some smart aleck came up and kicked the ball and they fought over it all the rest of the game."

Sent by JUDITH NELSON, St. Paul Park, Minnesota

GOOD IDEA

JIMMIE: Mommie, may I have the wishbone?

MOTHER: Not until you eat your spinach.

JIMMIE: But I wanted to wish I didn't have to eat it.

Sent by DIANA MUSCOLINO, Rochester, New York

MISUNDERSTANDING

SERGEANT: When I say fire I want you to fire at will.

One recruit dropped his gun and fled from the shooting range.

SERGEANT: Who's that?

ANOTHER RECRUIT: That's Will.

Sent by JOANNE STINE, Eureka, Illinois

CAUSE AND EFFECT

HANK: How did you lose your hair?

FRANK: Worry.

HANK: About what?

FRANK: Losing my hair.

Sent by NORMA COVERDELL, Essex, Montana

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"If it'll help any, here's a couple of rubber bands."

The Silent Oboe

(Continued from page 13)

instruments, looking over their music, or teasing the girls.

Feeling lost and lonely and definitely annoyed that the boys would let her carry everything on-stage while they wouldn't permit Lucinda or any of the other girls to move a music rack, Muffy took herself out front and amused herself folding programs for the ushers. She stayed so long that Mr. Silsbee was on the stage and the curtain was going up as she slid into her seat beside Lucinda and picked up her oboe. Lucinda looked worried.

"What's the matter?" Muffy asked under cover of the applause for Mr. Silsbee.

"I forgot my reeds," Lucinda whispered. "I took them out of my case when I got home and put them to soak, and somehow, getting dressed and all, I must have forgotten them. Have you any?"

"I have two," Muffy answered. "They're so expensive that I don't like to ask for money for new ones. It makes Father mad when I buy a lot of reeds and then can't play a note when we have company."

"May I borrow your extra reed?" Lucinda asked.

"You'd better take my best one," Muffy offered. "I don't have much to play, so you might as well have the good one."

Lucinda protested, but she had the solo, as first oboes do, so she finally took it.

"I wish I'd practiced more," she whispered. "You've spoiled me, playing with me at rehearsal; I depend on you now."

"Well, you better not," Muffy warned. "You know what happens to me in recitals."

LUCINDA's solo was beautiful. Muffy shook her head in amazement. Lucinda actually played better when there was an audience. When intermission came, Muffy wanted to tell Lucinda how well she had played, but Bob had come over and was teasing her. He pulled her hair and snapped his fingers on the oboe every time she tried to sound her A. "Let me show you," he said, and pulled the instrument away from her.

Muffy bit her lip when he began to play it. He wasn't doing very well, just kidding and fooling with it. Lucinda snatched at it when he wasn't looking and got it away from him. He grabbed for her wrist and must have hurt her, for Lucinda dropped the oboe and it fell to the floor with a clatter. They both became serious at once, and Lucinda's face wore a strange expression as she picked it up. Muffy caught her eye.

"Is it okay?" she asked.

"Oh, sure. Don't be such a worrier," Lucinda replied quickly, and held the instrument behind her back when Muffy came over to try it.

"Will you please pass these out, Muffy? We've a special request." Mr. Silsbee handed some music up to her, and in the hurry of getting the right parts on the right stands Muffy forgot about the reed.

Lucinda was the last one to sit down when Mr. Silsbee rapped on his music stand after intermission. "Bob and I ran out for a coke," she explained breathlessly. "Has Harry spoken to you?"

Muffy shook her head. Harry had quite definitely ignored her. She found her place in the music and began her tedious boom,

(Continued on page 50)

These stores have the fashions on the cover and pages 18, 19, 20:

City and State	Store
Albany, N. Y.	Wm. Whitney Co.
Atlantic City, N. J.	M. E. Blatt
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild Kohn
Binghamton, N. Y.	McLeans
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	J. N. Adams
Cheyenne, Wyoming	Kassidy Dry Goods
Cincinnati, O.	Mabley & Carow
Denver, Colo.	The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Elizabeth, N. J.	Levy Bros.
Galveston, Tex.	Robt. I. Cohn, Inc.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
Hickory, N. C.	The Spahnour Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Jamaica, N. Y.	Gertz
Lansing, Mich.	J. W. Knapp
Lima, O.	Gregg's
Meridian, Miss.	Alex Loeb
Minneapolis, Minn.	The Baker Co.
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Muncie, Ind.	The Ball Stores
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
New York, N. Y.	Gimbel's
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Portsmouth, Va.	Sears, Betty & Bob
Roanoke, Va.	Helronius
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman
Saint Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z. C. M. I.
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Sioux City, Iowa	Yunker Davidson's
Troy, N. Y.	Wm. H. Frear
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Wheeling, W. Va.	Stone & Thomas
Williamsport, Pa.	L. L. Stearns



On Our March Cover

Sheila Connelly, our March cover girl, is a bright-eyed colleen from County Kildare, Ireland. She's lived in this country for four years now and has loved every minute of it. In addition to modeling, Sheila spends her time acting "bit" parts over television and riding her father's racehorses. Someday she hopes to go to Hollywood.

For spring, Sheila chooses a light lime tapper, inspired by paintings of the Typical American Girl. It is double-breasted with a full-flared back, neat club collar and cuffed sleeves. In creamy pastel colors of 100 per cent wool shag, it's designed by Barbara for teen sizes 10-16. About \$25 at the stores listed at the left.

Fitted felt cloche by Harry Weiss, about \$3.

Classic short glove by Wear Right, about \$1.50.

These stores have the accessories on page 21:

ORGANDY BLOUSE: Albany, N.Y., Wm. Whitney Co., Baltimore, Md.; Hochschild Kohn. Binghamton, N.Y., McLeans. Boston, Mass., Filene's. Brooklyn, N.Y., Abraham & Straus. Detroit, Mich., Hudson's. Galveston, Texas, Robt. I. Cohen. Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres. Minneapolis, Minn., The Baker Co. St. Louis, Mo., Famous-Barr. Troy, N.Y., Wm. H. Frear. Washington, D.C., Woodward & Lothrop.

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SHOE: Detroit, Mich., Hudson's. Galveston, Texas, Robt. I. Cohen. Sioux City, Iowa, Yunker Davidson's.

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by CARL BOSLER

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Gone With the Wind . . . Mel Tormé . . . MGM . . . If the husky Tormé tones are among your favorite listening fare be sure to catch this one. It's one of Mel's finest jobs—a memorable tune in an equally memorable setting.

Count Basie Dance Parade . . . Columbia . . . Guaranteed to brighten any party, the Count's latest eight-tune contribution jumps from the opening note. Basie's clipped piano style is nicely echoed by the band for a beat which will keep dancing feet stepping high.

Copper Canyon . . . Confidentially . . . Lisa Kirk . . . Victor . . . Versatile Lisa, star of "Kiss Me Kate," cuts loose with a hearty hillbilly rendition in the frolicsome "Canyon" and then slips easily into a cozy, quiet mood as she "Confidentially" tells the turn her affections are taking. Henri Rene's group adds an intimate touch with sultry strings.

The Man with the Dreams . . . They Say . . . Tex Beneke . . . Victor . . . Glenn Douglass and the Moonlight Serenaders lend their vocal talents to the dreamy mood of the topside and the toe-teasing invitation to the dance on the reverse. A rich blend of brass and reeds adds vivid color to these romantic ballads.

Dixie . . . **Sitting by The Window** . . . Ray Anthony . . . Capitol . . . This neat package of contrasting moods should earn the young Anthony band a big score in the win column. Credit Dick Noel and The Skyliners with a smart vocal assist.

What Is This Thing Called Love? . . . The Glider . . . Artie Shaw . . . MGM . . . Artie never fails to come up with a crack outfit and this one is no exception. There's a treat in store for you as the great clarinetist bows in on the Metro label with a couple of oldies that really jump.

My Blue Heaven . . . Skitch Henderson . . . Capitol . . . Skitch and his crew sketch a lively new interpretation of an old favorite. A quiet, rocking beat plus sudden splashes of colorful harmony make this one of the piano maestro's best sides to date.

Ponce . . . Noro Morales . . . MGM . . . Polish up your rumba pumps and whirl through some toe-tingling Latin rhythms. Bright and brassy, and bursting with energy,

here's music that won't let you sit still.

Say When . . . Dizzy Gillespie . . . Capitol . . . Diz rips off a few trumpet riffs, but they're a far cry from the wild sorties of the bop days and much more palatable. The full-bodied flavor of the trombone section is the main attraction as the slidemen put their horns through some tricky paces.

Leave It to Love . . . David Rose . . . MGM . . . Expertly weaving the rich vocal harmonies of the Rosetones into his smartly designed orchestral patterns, Dave presents a charming new tune which tops the current list of offerings.

Jazz

The Continental . . . George Shearing Quintet . . . MGM . . . Here's a bit of musical business which is so pleasantly relaxed that the little intricacies of improvisation have a chance to come through nicely. Marjorie Hyams plays those fine vibe solos.

Dixie by Dorsey . . . Jimmy Dorsey . . . Columbia . . . With the current upswing in popularity of Dixieland has come a large number of new releases in the two-beat style. Tops among them is this bright, jaunty, eight-tune set which boasts such favorites as "Jazz Me Blues," "Muskrat Ramble," and "South Rampart Street Parade."

Concert

Concerto in D Major: Tchaikovsky, Isaac Stern, violinist. Like so many of Tchaikovsky's compositions, this work was a source of controversy and disappointment to him at first. When it was first performed in Vienna the critics lashed it unmercifully. But today the magic of this work still casts a spell, and it has become one of the most popular concert numbers. Tchaikovsky's melodic genius is magnificently expressed by Mr. Stern's brilliant playing (Columbia).

Children's Corner Suite: Debussy, RCA Victor Symphony, Stokowski. These charming pieces, originally written by Debussy for his own child, "Chou-Chou," are given a glowing performance by the eminent conductor. The exquisite little masterpieces portray sharp contrasts of joy and tender sorrow and will delight all who hear them (Victor).

THE END

The Silent Oboe

(Continued from page 48)

bump, pa. Lucinda wasn't playing the melody, and Muffy reached a forefinger to point out the place. Lucinda never could find her place once the music got started. When there was still no sound from Lucinda, Muffy turned to look at her. Lucinda's face was red, and she looked scared.

"Lucinda!" Muffy whispered. "Did you split the reed when you dropped it?"

Lucinda shook her head, her blue eyes bugging out as if they were going to pop. Muffy moved automatically from second to first part as the oboe solo approached. It was what she had done at all the rehearsals. But she kept watching Lucinda and worrying about her having trouble with her reed. Meanwhile Muffy continued playing first part, firm and strong and clear and true.

The applause was so loud that it surprised even Mr. Silsbee. He turned round and bowed, but the applause didn't stop; it just roared on. When Mr. Silsbee raised his baton for an encore, Muffy held out her oboe to Lucinda. "Take this one," she begged. "You're having trouble with yours."

"Don't be sil," Lucinda answered. "You played that solo alone. My reed won't play a note." She pushed Muffy's oboe toward her mouth just in time, and somehow Muffy began to play. She watched Mr. Silsbee and played for him alone, her eyes right on him every second, though she was conscious of Lucinda's hand gently patting her knee.

THE ENCORE called forth applause, crisp and friendly, and Mr. Silsbee motioned the oboe to acknowledge it. Lucinda hissed, "Stand up and smile," and gave Muffy a shove. Muffy stood up as naturally as if there were no audience at all. In the front row Mother and Father and Grandpa were smiling and clapping as hard as they could.

"Why, that was fun," Muffy marveled.

"You see," Lucinda said. "You can play alone. I told you you could."

"I only played because you couldn't," Muffy answered. "I don't think I could ever do it again."

"You'll have to," Lucinda said. "I'm going to take up the clarinet so I can sit by Bob. You'll be the only oboe in the orchestra for the rest of the year. Anyway, you play better than I do, and I've no intention of being second oboe, just because you've found out at last that you can play out loud at recitals."

"Oh, Lucinda," Muffy began, "I—"

"Good work, Muffy!" Harry was smiling down at her. "Mr. Lieferant of State Wide Orchestra says for you to come to rehearsal with me on Friday. He needs an oboe, and I guess you're elected. How about a coke?"

Muffy, still flushed with the heady sensation of success, heard herself saying nonchalantly, "Thank you, Harry; that would be fun."

Harry began to put her instrument in its case. "I told your grandfather I'd bring you home. Let's go."

He was carrying her oboe and his bass sax, but he still had one hand free to hold Muffy's arm and guide her down the stairs. She was thinking about a haircut and a permanent. She looked down at her white piqué dress. A blue organdy, she decided, with a full skirt and a tight bodice. But only, of course, if Harry liked blue.

THE END

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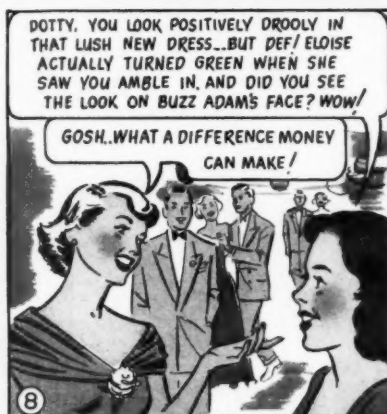
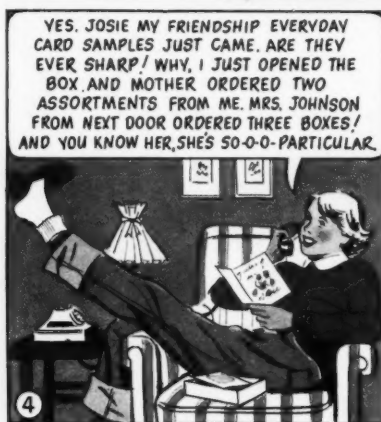
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